National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Pro-Slavery.

ABOLITIONISM AT YALE COLLEGE.

We hope all our readers will peruse with special care the article from the *New Haven Register*, signed JAMES HAMILTON, which we this day publish. It is written with force and elegance—is dignified and good tempered, while it details facts well calculated to stir Southern blood "to mutiny and rage." What gives additional interest and importance to this article is the circumstance, stated to us by one of our subscribers at New Haven, who forwarded the copy of the *Register* containing the article, that the writer, Mr. Hamilton, has lost his diploma on account of the Abolition influences at work in Old Yale.

And has it come to this, that Abolitionism has taken such deep hold upon that venerable institution, that a Southern student is to be ignominiously denounced and arraigned by the learned Faculty as a criminal, for having dared to vindicate the institutions of his native South from the vile slanders of its fanatical assailants?

Has it come to this, that the *pious* and *philanthropic* sympathies with the maudlin sentimentalism of a female romancer, who has woven fantastic tissues of improbable events, and wept false tears over imaginary woes of the negro race, can tolerate no criticism upon its absurdities, and would strangle all investigation of the extent to which Abolitionism has possessed itself of their own lecture room? Verily, if half of what is here narrated be true, Yale College is an unfit place for a Southern student. She is utterly unworthy the countenance of Southern men—her Alumni scattered throughout the Southern States, should be among the first to denounce her fanaticism, and turn the footsteps of our youth, seeking collegiate advantages, away from her Abolition-stained portals.

Why should so many of our Southern youth continue, year after year, to turn their backs upon our excellent Colleges at home, and waste themselves in the distempered wrangles, on the Slavery question, or submit, in a mortifying, perhaps degrading, silence, to calumnious assaults and irritating taunts upon their own homes and the usages and traditions of their fathers?

In the article quoted from the *Palladium*, which gave rise to the exposition so dreadfully obnoxious to the Yale College Fathers, there is an obvious error, as to the original scene of the outrage described. The *Clarion* is published in Mississippi, and Paulding is the name of the town of its publication. Georgia is innocent of having produced such a monstrosity as the man here described. If the outrage really occurred, this man Clarke was certainly insane who perpetrated it. To insanity, and not to the system of domestic servitude prevailing among us, must such conduct be justly chargeable. No system of government or laws can protect society from the freaks of madmen.—*The (Augusta, Ga.) Constitutionalist and Republic.*

YALE COLLEGE, Feb. 22, 1853.

To the Editors of the New Haven Register:

WHILE casually looking over the files of this month's *Palladium*, of your city, my attention was arrested by the following article, copied from the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican:*

"*Uncle Tom's Cabin Vindicated.*—Will those who insist that the pictures in Uncle Tom's Cabin are over drawn, read the following, clipt from the Paulding (Georgia) *Clarion*, and then favour us with their opinions?"

[The entire article is too long for insertion here, but in substance is as follows: A few weeks since, a man by the name of Clarke, of Clarke Co., Georgia, assaulted his negro woman, and afterwards in the most barbarous manner commenced pitching his knife at her, point foremost, covering her with about fifty bleeding punctures. The same day, he whipped his wife, most cruelly gashed her all over the head with his knife, and cut off her eyebrows. On the succeeding day, he wound up the atrocious drama by shooting to the death a man slave. Clarke was subsequently arrested and committed to prison for murder.]

It is not my intention, sir, to review Mrs. Stowe's book, nor show in what particular she *has* overdrawn her "pictures." The book has had an unprecedented circulation, and the authoress, her admirers, and proselytes, will doubtless continue for a time yet to enjoy its success—well aware, as I am, that, in the present state of the public mind, no objections, however well supported by facts or arguments, can correct the wrong she has done, or arrest her own convictions, hedged in as she is by a family of pulpits, and beguiled by the adulations which daily reach her woman's ear.

What I have to do with at present is to notice the means resorted to by a large portion of the press, to persuade the public that the work is no fiction. In this connection, I wish to call your attention to the condition of the Anti-Slavery sentiment, and the agencies now operating towards its increase.

The article above quoted is conspicuously inserted in the *Palladium* of the 3d instant, without a single qualifying remark; thus leaving the direct impression upon the reader's mind that the Editor himself requires no more conclusive evidence to vindicate the most nefarious chapter in Mrs. Stowe's book. To any candid mind, I need not argue the absurdity of such a conclusion—the facts stated proving, at most, that in the Southern States, as in every quarter of the world, there exist cruel and atrocious characters. But the remarks prefixed by the *Springfield Republican* to the *Clarion's* details, and endorsed by the *Palladium*, indicate a deeper and darker purpose than this—a purpose which could only emanate from a mind lost to all the power of truth, and governed by the purest malevolence; evincing, as it does, the most reckless zeal in the vindication of a book which represents such crimes as of daily occurrence, and as committed with impunity under the sanction of Southern society.

Let us suppose that we have not read Mrs. Stowe's book, and our acquaintance with its contents to be gathered from the comments of such presses as the *Republican*. Now, having read the *Clarion's* details, as given by these presses, to what conclusions do we come? plainly these: that Southern slave-owners not only torture and murder their slaves, but most inhumanly maltreat and abuse their wives; and that the book in question contains such implications. Now, the authoress, as reckless a pen as she wields, durst not introduce a scourged wife into her motley group. Her friends, however, by supplying the omitted character in *their* application of the transaction before us, but afford an illustration of the illogical relation *her* implications bear to the facts upon which they profess to be founded. The bare circumstance of their seizing upon a transaction so unsuitable for their purpose shows most clearly to what a strait the friends of the book are driven for facts, to give colouring to its pretensions.

I have already shown what the facts in the case *really* prove, and what they are *made* to prove according to the applied reasoning of the *Springfield Republican*. Now, I desire to show what they *fail* to prove, and what they positively *disprove*. First, they *fail* to prove that the torturing and killing of negro Slaves are at all frequent; secondly, they *disprove* that the commission of such crimes is countenanced by slaveholding communities; and they *disprove, most emphatically*, that the murderer of his slave escapes the penalties of the law—all of which is directly or indirectly implied in Mr. Stowe's book. I have cited this case in all its bearings, in order to show how reprehensible in the estimation of all just persons ought those to be held who, in their mad endeavours to vindicate the most wicked fiction of the age, seize upon an occasional and isolated crime with which to stigmatize whole communities.

But still further: the effects of Mrs. Stowe's book, and the course pursued by its vindicators, are becoming more and more apparent daily—not only in the growing tendencies of abuse towards the South, on the part of the North, but, in addition to this internal discord, they are breeding foreign animosity against our whole country, and affording the jealous subjects of the more jealous monarchies of the old world a plausible pretext for interference in our domestic concerns. On this head, I need but refer to the "aid and comfort" which these factionists have received, and are still receiving, from all classes abroad: comprising the vilest fanatic, festering in his self-corruption; the member of Parliament, whose hired mendacity is only equal to his purchaser's perfidy; and of late, their efforts have been encouragingly smiled upon by the courtly Dame. In London and Paris, Uncle Tomitudes nightly bring down "tears of applause." Italy, Spain and Germany, and other European States, through Mrs. Stowe's labours, are commissioned to revile the American Republic as the foulest tyranny on earth. To Mrs. Stowe, and collaborators, let me, an enemy to your designs, offer my testimony to the prosperity of your cause. You have succeeded in engendering a hostility between the North and South, which, if ever allayed, can only be through a course of long years spent in more just legislation, and evincing more fraternal sympathy than have characterized the last twenty. You have strong allies abroad, who will afford you the most abundant means with which to prosecute your unholy designs. *You are sowing the wind: beware! lest you reap the whirlwind.*

Now, sir, allow me to ask you—than whom I believe no one is a firmer patriot, and more sincerely desires the welfare of the whole country—how long this state of affairs is to continue? Perhaps you may reply, as a well-meaning and patriotic friend of mine does, by pointing to the results of the recent Presidential Election. Let us see how far facts secure the repose you would have me indulge. To bring about that result, the most antagonistic interests were harmonized; the most hostile factions were united; and most diverse influences were brought to bear. *How* these antagonisms were harmonized? *who* or *what* these hostile factions were? and *what* influences were brought to bear? are all questions but little essential to my purpose. To suggest, however, the ephemeral character of this fraternization, and what sort of harmony characterized the various factions and divisions, I need but refer you to two of the leading Northern journals, which laboured—I will not say together—to secure the election of President Pierce, viz., the *New York Herald* and New York *Evening Post*. The courses pursued by these journals clearly show that the question of Slavery had little or no direct bearing upon the issue. So far from that result proving the panacea for Abolition eruptions in the body politic, which is so frequently commended, I think it perfectly apparent that the Abolition party is stronger at this hour, and working with more determined energy, than ever before. To ascertain the true state of the case, let us compare the opinions and sentiments of the great body of the Northern people 20 years since, with those of the present. To do this concisely, I will quote from a speech delivered by Mr. Calhoun, in the Senate, in 1837. Referring to a former argument with Mr. Webster, he spoke as follows: "I then predicted that it would commence as it has, with the fanatical portion of society, and that they would begin their operations on the weak, the ignorant, the young, and the thoughtless, and would gradually extend upward till they became strong enough to obtain political control, when he (Mr. Webster) and others holding the highest stations in society would, however reluctant, be compelled to yield to their doctrines, or be driven into obscurity." How rapidly this prediction of the profound Carolinian has continued to fulfil, from the very moment of its utterance, the history of the period too truly confirms.

Will any one pretend that the Abolition party is still a miserable and contemptible faction? Sir, this party, which, at its inception, had but one head, has grown to be a Hydra! The Garrison school, which your respectable Free Soiler affects to scorn, and has even the effrontery to denounce, is but a fretting and frothing upper current, supported upon the strong bosom of a deeper and darker flow? Were not this the fact, it would have expended itself long since, and our country would now be in the enjoyment of that quiet and harmony so necessary for the promotion of social, political, and religious advancement.

The distinction between the various Anti-Slavery cliques can hardly be called a difference. If there be a difference, it is in the degree, not in kind. The Garrison school—the Liberty party—the Free Soil party—the Free Soil Whig—the Free Soil Democrat—all go, in my opinion, to make up the Abolition party proper—that party whose final end and aim is the extinction of Slavery. A piebald concern, I admit—yet all its parts and divisions form one great whole, and tend to one great end, differing nothing as to that end, but only as to the means of attaining it. In its multiform character consists its great power. Representing every grade in society, its strength has continued to augment by accessions from all classes—of late years enlisting in its cause much of the religion, the literature and learning of your section. Of your leading religious journals, how many refrain from denouncing, in the most unmeasured terms, "our peculiar institution," and those who countenance it? How many Sabbaths elapse, but that your most influential preachers thunder their denunciations against the "accursed system?" In your popular literature, Mrs. Stowe's book is but too conclusive proof of the careful and assiduous culture the Anti-Slavery sentiment has received. Many of your most eminent Doctors of Divinity, and of Law, have brought to bear their critical acumen and power of place against the "unjust and unrighteous system." Amid all these hostile influences, how effective a conservatism exists? I know, and rejoice in the knowledge, that there are those whose nationality of principle has not, as yet, been blighted by the mildew of faction—who battle nobly for the rights of the States, and a right construction of the Constitution—but, it must be apparent to all that these are a hopeless minority. Divest them of the strength which party organizations and combinations give, and they are powerless. These have lifted and are still lifting their patriot voices against the inroads of faction, and in denunciation of the treasonable doctrine of a "higher law;" but their words

> "No more avail than breath against the wind
> Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth."

I shall now, sir, close this communication, by considering another agency to which I have but hinted—an agency more powerful than at first sight might appear, and with whose assiduous employment in this unholy crusade, I am satisfied the country at large is but imperfectly acquainted, and which, indeed, may not be fully appreciated by men, even of the North. This agency is your college. Notwithstanding the efforts put forth by your clergy, your literati, your daily press, your quarterlies and monthlies, to bring odium upon the South and her institutions, it has generally been thought that a healthy, national conservatism existed in your institutions of learning. The Southron, believing that they afforded facilities superior, in some respects, to those of his own section, and, besides wishing by observation and travel to expand his son's mind, has patronised your schools and colleges, not dreaming that these too have become infested with the prevalent hostility to his section. Now, what are the facts? Since the enactment of the "Fugitive Slave Law," reports from several of the more prominent colleges and universities in New England have been published, purporting to give expression of their views upon this law—and invariably in opposition to it. To but one College in New England has of late been accorded the honour of being National. Yale, alone, has enjoyed this reputation; and the scores of Southern names upon her catalogue show how general has been, and is yet, this belief through the Southern States. But does Yale foster that sound, national conservatism, for which her authorities have the credit? No one has heard of public gatherings of students here to denounce, *ex cathedra*, Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law. It is true, the subject has been discussed at times but always on such occasions, and under such circumstances, as to implicate in no respect the opinions of the Faculty. But, within the last few months, Yale has caught the infection, and now raises her official hue and cry against Slavery, as an "unjust institution," and does reverence to the supremacy of the "higher law"—not, indeed, through public channels, but through the professional chair, she seeks to instill into the mind of the youth entrusted to her care, a detestation for the institution of Slavery, a contempt for those who sustain it, and a hostility to the Constitution which sanctions it. For the truth of these statements, I submit the following facts.

At the conclusion of the reading of "disputes," a few weeks since, before the President of the College, by members of the Senior Class, upon the subject of the acquisition of Cuba (all of the disputants save one having taken strong negative grounds, and chiefly because of the increase of slaves and slave territory), the President expressed himself, in substance, as follows: "I have several objections to urge against the measure;" and, after citing our treaty obligations with Spain, and other considerations not necessary here to repeat, he continued, "but waiving all these objections, and supposing the Cubans, by their own acts, to have established an independent government; to be possessed of full powers to dispose of themselves—nevertheless, should they desire to be incorporated into our Confederacy, I should oppose the measure so long as it involved the necessity of bringing us more slaves. There is, said he in conclusion, "a deep seated conviction on this subject of Slavery throughout a large class, who have hitherto, for the sake of peace, acquiesced in legislative enactments; but who, if they are to be forced against their convictions, will spring an agitation such as this country has never experienced. Cuba, for my own part (said he), rather than Cuba, with slaves, should be annexed to this country, I should oppose the measure—even to the dissolution of the Union!"

Said a Professor, not long since, to a New England student, during a conversation which happened to turn upon Mrs. Stowe's book—"I have lived in Georgia, as a teacher, and can bear witness to its truthfulness from my own observation." Again, in a series of lectures, now in course of delivery before the Senior Class, by the President—upon the "Origin of Rights: and the Duties of States" he has taken especial pains to dwell upon the "injustice of Slavery," and our obligations to a "higher law." In order to bring the subject before the great body of the students, he has, within the last week, in connection with a Professor in the Law Department, given as the question for a prize debate before one of the Societies: "Ought the Fugitive Slave Law to be Obeyed?" He has also taken occasion to congratulate himself upon the inefficiency of this law; and to express his indifference as to the time when the final crash may come, which shall determine whether or not this is to be a free government.

In what, now, consists Yale's further claims to nationality—of which her friends, everywhere, have so long boasted? What cord of sympathy or interest is left to bind her hundreds of Southern alumni, who have looked back with pleasure and pride to their College days, and who have annually travelled weary miles to pay their tribute of love and veneration to Alma Mater? The society, which they formed thirty years since, for the cultivation of mutual friendship, and to enjoy the advantages of debate freed from the angry contentions which Slavery disputes would beget in the other societies, is dissolved; and the Southern student, at this epoch of hostility to his section, is thrown out to fight his way in weekly broils—or submissively listen to the most hostile denunciations against the institution under which he was born. Such has of late been the state of feeling, that a proposition has been mooted by a number of Southern students to withdraw in a body. The alumnus, of a few years back, can hardly appreciate the full force of the present state of things. The indignant course has, in too great a degree, taken the place of the cheerful song and the laugh-provoking jest. Men retire from the lecture room—some, indignant and enraged—some, with painful surprise, ask: "What can the President mean by the course he is pursuing?" others, elated with the sanction of such high authority, unscrupulously re-echo the doctrines there promulgated.

Once more and I have done. This communication has been prompted by no mere desire to assail any one—least of all, those under whose direction I have pursued a course of study for the four years nearly past. The uniform courtesy which, as an individual, I have invariably received, will remain a source of pleasant reflection—and I shall continue to do honour to the "Genius of Yale"—as she was in former years. I gladly acknowledge that, among her *present* governors, there are some patriotic and national minds; but these exceptions, as high a regard as they inspire me with, I cannot allow to swerve me from the performance of a duty which I feel I owe to the public at large, and especially to my section. Connected with every section of the Union by hundreds of alumni—among the best educated men in the country—this college has wielded a powerful influence over the National will—and, sending forth a hundred graduates annually, imbued with the teachings here received, it becomes a query of no trivial import—whether this influence shall be exerted for good or evil?

The base attacks which have, of late, been so repeatedly made upon the South and her institutions, under the sanction of an acquiescing public, have been so glaringly malicious and unjustifiable, that I have been led in a careful and lengthy investigation of the Abolition sentiment—embracing its origin, growth and present power. We have seen it at one period, a mean and contemptible faction; derided and despised by all respectable persons—while now, it marshals its seditious hosts alike in the haunts of faction, and at the heads of our first institutions. Religion, literature, learning—all are enlisted in its ranks.

It is not for me, sir, to pursue this subject farther. I leave the future to the guidance of the wise men of our land—to the men of determined purpose and patriotic virtues—earnestly desiring the perpetuity of our Union and Constitution, yet fully convinced, to adopt the explicit language of the immortal Calhoun, that they can and ought to be perpetuated, only on the condition that they fulfil the great object for which they were created, *the* LIBERTY *and* PROTECTION *of these States.* JAMES HAMILTON.

[From *Wilmer and Smith's Times*, a Liverpool paper got up for the American Market.]

MRS. STOWE, the authoress, who has attained a world-wide celebrity by her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is coming to England at the special invitation of a number of Good Samaritans in Scotland. The letter announcing her acceptance of the proffered hospitality states that she will arrive here in April. Addressing Dr. Wardlaw, who appears to be at the head of the "Glasgow Female Association for the Extinction of Slavery," she says, alluding to the book which has made her famous—

For myself, I can claim no merit in that work which has been the cause of this. It was an instinctive irresistible outburst—and had no more merit in it than a mother's waiting over her first-born. The success of the work, so strange, so utterly unexpected, only astonishes me. I can only say that this bubble of my mind has risen on the mighty stream of a Divine purpose, and even a bubble may go far on such a tide.

I am much of my time pressed down with a heavy sadness, "for the hurt of the daughter of my people," it is so horrible, so sad—such a dishonour to Christ and his cause. But, again, when I see that the spirit above me is issuing this feeble work book—choosing the weak things of this world to confound the mighty—then I have hope. Why has he given it this success unless he means some mercy to the cause?

Please to say to those Christian friends who have sent me the invitation in your letter, that I gladly accept it—though, when I get there, I fear that they may be disappointed. I never was much to see, and now I am in feeble health—worn and weary.

"I never was much to see, and now I am in feeble health—worn and weary!" The poor delicate lady, who proposes to encounter the severity of the Atlantic voyage at by no means a propitious time of the year, felt it incumbent on her to put in this sympathising plea, lest the expectations of her admirers should be raised to an unwarranted pitch. Mrs. Stowe possesses evidently a sensitive and original mind, with a sufficient dash of the old Puritan spirit in her to please our northern countrymen and women. "Uncle Tom," in point of fact, is a religious tale of fiction, a Sunday-school expounder of the evils of Slavery, and the writer, with the fortitude of a true believer, is now coming to visit us, at the risk of her life, in order to bear witness against her native land! It will be a strange sight—this American embodiment of gentleness and genius impugning the morality of the "stripes and the stars" in "Merrie England," from which her forefathers were driven by the spirit of persecution two centuries back. Extremes meet, and this presence of a democratic authoress, feted and honised in our old monarchy, represented by a female sovereign, is a theme too stirring and too impassioned to escape the notice of the pens which will be evoked, and the mouths which will declaim on Mrs. Stowe's arrival.

But we have not, it seems, supped full of American horrors yet. The lady is bringing a fresh supply with her—the finishing ingredients to give a piquant flavour to the simmering contents of the diabolic cauldron.

"I am putting through the press," she says, "another work, a Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, containing all the facts and documents which confirm the story; truth, darker, and sadder, and more painful to write than the fiction was. I shall call heaven and earth to witness to the deeds which have been done here! Alas! that I should do it."

This is extremely well done, the cleverest evasion of the newspaper advertisement duty which we can call to mind. We had no idea that sentimental American ladies had such a keen appreciation of the dollars. Fame, even to satiety, Mrs. Stowe has had in England, but her book has been barren here in all but compliments. She is determined that the next shall not be so, and that it shall escape the fangs of the piratical printers and publishers of London, she proposes to bring it over herself! Now we have a great respect for Mrs. Stowe and a great disgust of Slavery, but this calling of "Heaven and earth to witness" against an institution which we ourselves introduced into the country from which she is coming—this appeal to things the most sacred, craftily mixed up with things the most sublunary, is, we confess, a leetle too much for us. Earnestness and singleness of purpose we can respect in any one, more especially in a lady, but the spirit of Mammon engrafted on the spirit of philanthropy is a combination at once unpleasing and unfeminine. Our regret is still undiminished that the English movement against Slavery in the United States is clearly traceable to the effects of a popular novel, which seems very much like forming good resolutions under the influence of gin and bitters. We don't wish to be understood as either decrying the talent or the sentiment of Mrs. Stowe's book; but the evil against which her pen has been pointed was in existence long before she saw the light, and it is not creditable to English sympathy that it could only be stirred up under the excitement of an artificial tale.

From all that we see passing around, this lady and her book are likely to have a very injurious effect on the friendly relations of the two nations. If we are proud of our country and its institutions, the Americans are equally so of theirs, and the war of words which commenced at Stafford-house will be still further aggravated on the occasion of Mrs. Stowe's promised visit to England. Lord Shaftesbury's reply to the counter-manifesto of the American women has received a prompt rejoinder from an American Writer in the *Times* of yesterday, and thus the odious controversy of comparisons between two nations bound altogether by mutual interests will go on until a rankling feeling is produced which may possibly lead to the worst consequences. If, as the penalty for all this, the cause of the Abolitionists was likely to be advanced, we might submit to the infliction with the best grace we could command; but the very reverse of this must be the inevitable result, for Slavery in the Southern States will never be abolished until the planters see that it is their interest to abolish it, and, presided beyond reasonable limits, the question might lead to the disruption of the Union, an event which every American and every Englishman would cordially join in deploring.

Selections.

THE JERRY DRAMA.

IT is now almost three years since the people of these Northern States were astounded by the unexpected passage in Congress of the notorious Act for the extradition of Fugitives from Labour. None can have forgotten the universal commotion occasioned by this daring advance upon the law of '93. That had been found to work feebly, in constant attrition with the Constitution, the Common Law, the human conscience, and the increasingly free spirit of the age. The demand of the all-demanding South was for an "efficient" bill. But an "efficient" bill must needs strike down the Constitution, the Common Law, the human conscience, and the American spirit; and so the sacrifice was made, and these were stricken down and ridden under. How confidently it was predicted that the Free States would never submit to it, and how all parties vied with each other in condemning its character and prognosticating speedy repeal! Then Daniel Webster had not thrown his mighty influence into the opposite scale for the preservation of the Union, at the sacrifice of all that makes it worth preserving, nor the Editor of the New York *Express* come forth from the hiding-place to which the vote on the bill in the House had driven him, to express his regret at not having given his support to a measure whose advocacy was to be henceforth the high road to political fortune.

It is needless to dwell on the features of the Act, which has already been so thoroughly discussed, and has received the brand of execration at the hand of the civilized world. It is needless to recall that unmannerly menace of the highest officer of the State, which, though received in dignified silence, sank deep into many hearts. It is needless to recount the cowardly arrest of the first and *last* fugitive ever to be led manacled through the streets of Syracuse; the intense indignation of the yeomanry of Onondaga; the rising of the people; the triumphant assertion of the principles of '76; and the transfer of the shackled victim, a FREE MAN, to the free soil of a British Colony. All these things are fresh in every memory, and engraven with a pen of iron on the adamantine rock of Liberty.

We begin, in our review of this most eventful chapter in the annals of American freedom, with the point of time, when the Administration, having entered upon the endless task of conciliating the Southern task-master, found itself compelled, for very consistency, to prosecute with rigour to all its odious results the penal statute which it had consented to endorse. It had shaken its clenched fist in the face of a restless people, in the streets of a Northern city, and pledged itself to carry out to the fullest extent the most repulsive features of the compromise, and now it had no choice but to bear its brutal menance to the bitter end. Of course, then, condign punishment for the rescuers was resolved on. But how was this all essential consummation to be attained? The sympathies of almost all the better class of citizens were enlisted on the side of the fugitive, and his practical friends, to such a degree, as decidedly disinclined them to volunteer what information they might possess, to assist the prosecution. And now began the inevitable indications of the presence and pressure of unrighteous government to manifest themselves. SPIES were forthwith in requisition, and the jubilee of eaves-droppers was inaugurated. Frogs in the house, frogs in the bed-chamber, frogs in the oven, frogs in the kneading-troughs—all the border was smitten with these super-serviceable employees of masters none too proud to use them; and no two citizens of the suspected stripe, could enter into conversation on the corners of the streets, that some loathsome and leprous scoundrel did not plant himself within ear shot, for the purpose of gathering wherewithal to "further the ends of justice."

Presently arrests were made. Some of the parties implicated may have been more or less concerned in the matter with which they were charged. Others were notoriously as innocent of any such participation, except in the way of sympathy, as the District Attorney himself. And here we come to speak particularly of the course and bearing of the prosecuting officer, through all these trials. The language in which we have chosen to characterize them heretofore has been stigmatised as "scurrilous and abusive." Well, these are but epithets, after all. Sarcasm is not necessarily scurrility nor abuse. He only is scurrilous, who assails another with unhandsome, unsubstantiated expletives. He who brings an accusation earnestly and in good faith, however indignant, nay bitter, the terms in which he couches it, and even though he may ultimately fail in establishing it, may be something worse than scurrilous but scurrilous he is not. And certainly it is with no lack of earnestness and solemnity that we arraign the District Attorney of the Northern District of the State of New York at the bar of public opinion, for his share in this transaction. It is not that he felt it to be his duty to prosecute at all, that we complain. It would be too much, indeed, to ask of him to resign the emoluments of office rather than to aid in disgracing some of the most excellent of his neighbours, for a fault, which under the severest construction, must be acknowledged to "lean to virtue's side." But in what spirit does he conduct the prosecution? As one who bears about him the burden of a painful duty, or as one that undertakes a "work of love,"—and saith "Aha," as he snuffeth the prey from afar? Witness his needless requirement of the accused, who were held to bail at Auburn, to attend from day to day throughout the whole session of the Grand Jury at Buffalo, at an expense of time and money which few of them were able to bear—an attendance which their recognizances required, but which a little generosity on the part of the District Attorney might have spared, without any risk or danger,—and his ever-recurring reply to all appeals or remonstrances, that this was one of the consequences of breaking the laws—thus reversing the time-honoured rule that every man is to be judged innocent until he is proved guilty. We will not assert, what is yet so common in the mouths of citizens, and even members of the bar, that some of the government witnesses were trained by frequent repetitions of the several stories to which they were expected to swear, that they might be able to tell them at different times, without discrepancy. We will pass over the revelations of the January term of the District Court in Albany—revelations of mysterious proceedings as touching the Grand Jury at Buffalo, which fully justified the suspicion (notwithstanding subsequent anointing of the Circuit Court) that that Jury was *selected*, not *drawn* in the methods known to and required by our laws.

Let these things, which have made their indelible impression on the thoughtful and observing, go for what they may be worth. The more aggravated fault of this government officer, as he stands amenable to those among whom the remainder of his days will probably be spent remains to be named. What aspect of his public duty, what dictate of patriotism, required that he should follow with relentless purpose, those whom he might have had the best reasons to believe innocent of active participation in the rescue of Jerry? Why should the excellent and inoffensive Loguen have been driven from his home, fleeing from fear, not of *this* accusation, but of the feller purpose which it might well conceal? But possibly the prosecutor might have supposed Loguen justly accused. Well then, the home question still remains: why is Ira H. Cobb, who is now universally known to be utterly guiltless of any crime in this connection, but that of "remembering them that are bound, as bound with them," of whose innocence the Attorney himself either has no doubt or may easily certify himself—why has *he* been, and why is he still to be, persecuted with all the steadfast malignity of a Shylock, and all the microscopic ingenuity of Lillipution law? A quiet, industrious, pious, law-abiding man—a man whose domestic virtues and social surroundings are a sure and abiding guaranty of his good citizenship—are the boasted Constitution and Union of this great country already fallen so far as to require the immolation of such a man—his character, his health and his little substance—at the shrine of this pecuniary patriotism? And are we to look tamely on, and see a beloved friend and brother thus year after year, vindictively pursued, and slowly wasted—his mind harrassed, his property consumed, his bodily strength impaired, his family distressed—and all by one of his neighbours, only differing from another neighbour, in being "clothed with a little brief authority,"—are we to see all this, and withhold our honest indignation and 'speak with bated breath,' or crown the official torture-monger of this accursed Inquisition with the laurels that belong to integrity and patriotism? The District Attorney knows that to *another man* the part attributed to Mr. Cobb in the indictment is universally imputed. He may say "very well, if there is such a man, let them produce him." But suppose they do not choose to surrender him to the tender mercies of the prosecution, is that a sufficient reason, as between the Attorney and his neighbours, why the innocent man now on trial, should be still held, not only, but surrounded by every influence, which technical ingenuity and a fore-determined judicial purpose could devise to compass his conviction? Had only the ends of impartial justice been in view, it would hardly have been an unprofessional course (else more shame for the professional!) for the Attorney to have said to the defence: "Satisfy me personally that this defendant is guiltless, and, in view of the many others who are to be tried, and the singleness of the offence charged, *I will relinquish the prosecution, without proceeding against the real offender;* for "it is better that ten guilty men should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer." But instead of this, what faltering did the strong presumption of Mr. Cobb's innocence which must have been created in his mind, occasion in his procedure? What becoming expression of sympathy, what sense of painful necessity, what sign of conscientious hesitancy did he manifest; nay, what stone did he leave unturned, what earnestness of effort did he seem to lack, what technical appliance within his reach did he not employ, to ensure the conviction of an honest man for another's misdemeanour? If the honour and stability of the law required a conviction, would they be subserved by *such* a conviction? Did the peace of society demand that an example of *some* 'fanatic' should be made, so that Mr. Cobb still came within the meaning and intent of the statute? We shall not hesitate to declare, that the verdict of this community, in view of all its best interests, would sooner dispense with the presence and influence of the official functionary himself, than with those of the excellent man, whom he is bending every energy to consign to a felon's cell; and that, too, by the assistance of men, *some* of whom it were flattery to call infamous.

Our task, with reference to this part of the case in hand, is concluded, for the present. We shall resume our review, examining the conduct of the Court, and collating some of the moral aspects of the whole affair. Meanwhile, let us assure the Government officials of every grade, that so far as regards the effect upon *the cause* which they so bitterly hate and seek to destroy, the question whether this prosecution shall continue or cease, or result in the conviction or acquittal of its subjects, is one of little moment, for either event, as they will discover, can only subserve its speedy and glorious triumph.

EXPLANATION AND DEFENCE

SINCE the publication of my speech in the *Liberator* delivered at the last annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Mrs STOWE has, very kindly, addressed me a letter, from which I extract all relating to Dr. Beecher:

"One part of your speech occasioned me pain. You know what it is, I presume, and you will be glad, I also presume, to find that you have overstated the subject. I will give you the facts of the case, and leave it to your own honourable mind to judge what abatement should be made in the case. My father did *not* silence the discussion in Lane Seminary. Those resolutions of the Trustees were not passed at his request, either expressed or implied. They were passed while he and my husband were in New England. They were passed with such determination, and in such a state of feeling, that they had no choice, except to throw up their professorships, or submit to them. My father being, as you know, in the advance party of the church in theology, was at that time as much a persecuted man in the Presbyterian church, as Wm. Lloyd Garrison has been in the world. Such bitter, unscrupulous enmity, such bigotry, such persecution, can only be paralleled in the history of the Abolitionists. To destroy his influence, to detach from him all his friends, to break down the Institution he was trying to build, and to force him away from the Western country, these were the objects in view. Theodore Weld's enthusiasm, and the whirlwind of excitement which he produced, were equally welcomed by this party as so much capital to be used against him. With all credit to my good brother Theodore, I must say that prudence is not his forte, and that there was a plentiful lack of that useful article in all those worthy reformers. I sympathize most cordially in that generous contempt for prudence, which seems to be a necessary part of young Luthers; but I cannot help seeing that the want of it was rather unfortunate in that crisis. It seems to me, that it is not necessary always to present a disagreeable subject in the most disagreeable way possible, and needlessly to shock prejudices which we must combat at any rate. That, however, is a matter of opinion; I will not insist upon it. But the simple question before my father was, either to give up the enterprise of Lane Seminary, or to submit temporarily to those regulations. So much for that."

I gladly give Dr. Beecher the benefit of this statement by his daughter, and well recollect how every free heart sympathised with him in his conflict with bigoted and unscrupulous foes. But, with all respect for Mrs. Stowe, I cannot see that the facts she states form any excuse for his conduct as President of Lane Seminary. They seem to deepen the fault. The students at the Seminary were not school-boys, but of mature age, and some of them graduates of other Colleges, preparing for the ministry. At no time did their Anti-Slavery labours or discussions interfere with their regular studies, lead them to omit a recitation, or to break the established rules of the Institution. Such men the Trustees forbade either to discuss the slave question in public, or to converse about it in private! They issued this order in deference to a corrupt public opinion, and from fear of a mob. Surely this was to sacrifice the slave to the welfare of the Seminary.

"In these circumstances, Mrs. Stowe says Dr. Beecher submitted to these orders, which he had neither requested nor advised, in order to disarm his Presbyterian enemies, and save the Institution. That is, against his own judgment, he sacrificed the slave to his own standing with his sect, and to the welfare of Lane Seminary. This is just what the clergy of the United States are doing at the present moment. Few hate the slave for his own sake. They only sacrifice *his rights* to their own popularity, to their sect and party—to something they like better, or value more. Those familiar with the history of Lane Seminary will bear me out in the assertion, that whatever was Dr. Beecher's conduct or language in private, he pursued such a course of *action*, that the public inferred, had a right to infer, and could not but infer, that his *heart* was with the Trustees. When after leaving the Seminary, the young men began to lecture on Slavery, in that neighbourhood, Dr. Beecher's name and course were quoted by professing Christians as a reason for refusing to give them a hearing.

We have never asked that any man, or body of men, should devote themselves exclusively to the Anti-Slavery cause. But we have claimed that they should give it a fair share of attention; and, above all, that they should never repudiate or deny it, even for an hour, in order to save or to increase their own popularity, or build up a favourite project. All good causes are a brotherhood. We have no right to repudiate one, or to sacrifice its claims, that we may be more able to serve another. Indeed, this is not possible, as the result at Lane Seminary shows. The Institution began to die from that hour.

With regard to Mr. Weld's "prudence," justice to him requires a word. No reformer has ever been thought prudent by his cotemporaries, not even those who turned the world upside down eighteen hundred years ago. But during that very visit to New England, to which Mrs. Stowe refers, at the very moment the Trustees were passing their Resolutions, Dr. Beecher, who had but just left the Seminary, was extolling, in unmeasured terms, the devotedness, fidelity, attention, and general good conduct of these very students. And since Dr. Beecher was himself opposed to the Resolutions, we have the support of his judgment, on the spot and at the time, that they were not necessary. Whoever wishes to inquire further will find the whole struggle painted in the Defence put forth by the Trustees, and the statement published by the students.

The letter goes on:

"Second. It is not true that 'in ecclesiastical discussions, subjected to this time, the weight of his heavy hand has always been felt against the slave.' The Cincinnati Presbytery, of which he, and my husband and the other professors were leading members, actually have taken higher Anti-Slavery ground, and used more vigorous Anti-Slavery action, than any ecclesiastical body in the United States, except the Quakers; and this was done with my father's concurrence and consent. This ground was the deposing of Mr. Graham from the ministry, for defending slavery from the Bible. This was the almost unanimous vote of the Cincinnati Presbytery, and it was confirmed by the Cincinnati Synod. Mr. Graham appealed to the General Assembly, and the Assembly reserved the action, and recommended to the Presbytery to restore him. Prof. Allen, of Lane Seminary, who was on the floor of the Assembly at the time, told the General Assembly they might rely upon it that the Cincinnati Presbytery would never retrace their steps; and so it proved. Mr. Graham was obliged to go to the Old School Church. You will observe, that an important principle was established here, which, had it been observed, would have kept the Church free from complicity with slaveholders.

"Your remark with regard to blood is certainly true. If I have had any Anti-Slavery proclivities, I got them very early in life from my father's sermons and prayers, at the time of the discussion of the Missouri question. I shall never forget the deep feeling he showed when he heard of the admission of Missouri. It was as if he had sustained some great personal calamity.

"These facts I lay before you. You can make any use you please of them."

I joyfully accord to Dr. Beecher all the merit which concurrence in the movement against Mr. Graham deserves. How low must the general Church have fallen, when we are glad to confess that the stand made by that Presbytery was a noble one, and does them great honour; while it only forbids a clergyman to defend Slavery from the Bible! If, however, he is to be praised for "concurring" in the good deed of that Presbytery, of which he was but a simple member, surely, he is still more to be held accountable for the evil decree of the Trustees of Lane Seminary, to which he not only gave, in public, his "concurrence," but, as President of the Faculty, carried it into execution. If my language, as quoted, is too strong, I should willingly qualify it. But Dr.

to this rule. No good motive can ever prompt a man to depart from it. Mr. Phillips, now, not only acknowledges, but *proves* that his apparent quotation was not a quotation; and he goes further, and confesses that he saw the proofs. It is true, he denies observing the 'quotation marks.' But if he intended that the language should not go to the public as mine, would he not have observed them? Besides, he introduces the subject as follows: 'Mr. Mann said,' and then adds, 'in one of his speeches.' Then his rejoice of the surreptitious sentiment, his singling out the *hinge-word* of the sentence as mine, and exclaiming, 'What a "But"!—from the lips, too, of a champion of the higher law!'—ay, from the LIPS! —what pertinency or relevancy in all this, if he did not mean to have the public believe that *his* words were *my* words?

But further, I maintain that there is a whole diameter of difference between the meaning of my language and of his substitute for it. My remarks, in the passage—even now most unfairly quoted—were addressed wholly to Southern men—to a Southern audience—forewarning them what, upon their own principles, they must expect, should they dissolve the Union. Mr. Phillips represents me as speaking to the North, rather than to the South (because, when nothing appears to the contrary, a man is supposed to be speaking to the people among whom he lives), and as saying to my fellow-citizens, at home, that I—and I state his monstrous inference in his own language—that *I* 'would return fugitive slaves, *until the States are separated*.' An admonition to the *South* that, *after* they shall have dissolved the Union, they cannot, on any principle of international law, reclaim fugitive slaves, Mr. Phillips tortures into a declaration by me, to the *North*, that I stand ready and willing to return fugitives *until* such dissolution shall take place.

And further, Mr. Phillips has quoted me most unfairly now. He has garbled the paragraph from which his pretended proof is drawn. He has dropped three passages from it, which show demonstratively that I was not setting forth what *I* would do *now*, but what *they* must look for *then*. If Mr. Phillips will quote the paragraph correctly, everybody will see this. If he does not quote it, everybody will know the reason why.

But let me add, that this question about identity or contrariety of meaning never ought to have arisen. Among fair disputants, such a question never can arise. Honest quotations will always preclude it. I therefore return to my original position, *viz.*, that I had a right to be fairly quoted, and he, by imputing language to me which I never used, did, notwithstanding his two-fold denial, do me 'injustice,' in the first instance; and now, by omitting, in his reply, such portions of the real paragraph as would falsify his inference, he has repeated the 'injustice.'

On the second point, Mr. Phillips charged me with avoiding any reply to a pertinent question; with seeing a logical 'dilemma,' and 'avoiding it by silence'; with keeping back what I 'should have plainly said,' and with requesting 'not to be interrupted'; and he interlarded the whole with imputations of 'non-commitalism,' want of 'frankness,' 'unworthy trick,' &c. &c.

I answered by showing that I did not 'avoid a reply, but made one; that I saw no dilemma, and so did not 'avoid it by silence'; that I kept back nothing that I 'should have plainly said,' but said it with all my strength and from a full heart; and that I did not ask 'not to be interrupted,' but submitted, without objection, to be interrupted three several times; and only when the whole point of the interruption had been stated did I express a hope not to be 'further' interrupted. What I did under justifiable qualifications, he charged upon me absolutely and without qualification. To all this, the whole substance of Mr. Phillips' reply is, that if he is not right, then he 'does not understand language.' In common with what every reader must do, I accept the alternative. If all those assertions were not pure invention, then Mr. Phillips 'does not understand language.'

The next point in issue between us Mr. Phillips has incorrectly stated. I said his '*next paragraph* is also a tissue of misrepresentations.' What I said *of the* '*paragraph*,' he restricts to one *sentence* in it, which he then attempts to defend.

In my reply, I said, 'I know of no Free Soiler who has not the strongest desire to arrest the wrongs of Slavery by all the legitimate means within his power, or who "consents to let Slavery remain where it is" in any other sense than as he consents to the subjugation of Hungary, or to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon—because he can't help it. I never intimated anything to the contrary of this; and, let me ask, does not Mr. Phillips "consent" in the same way?'

To impugn this, that is, to prove that I have no 'desire to arrest the wrongs of Slavery,' and that I do 'consent [voluntarily] to let Slavery remain where it is,' Mr. Phillips makes five quotations from my speeches.

Now, I aver that each one of these five quotations is cited for an unfair purpose, which unfair purpose an obvious distinction will prove.

Like other Free Soilers, I hold that Congress, or the general government, has no power, under the Constitution, to abolish Slavery within the States; while, at the same time, as a citizen of the United States, and as a man, my whole heart wrestles and agonizes 'to arrest the wrongs of Slavery.'

Now, all the passages which Mr. Phillips has cited under this head were spoken in my capacity as a Congressional legislator, or with reference to legislation by Congress. In that capacity, I have disclaimed legal or forcible interference, just as other Free Soilers have done—just as Mr. Giddings has done scores of times. But nowhere have I disclaimed or renounced moral interference. On the contrary, my published volume abounds with passages which *are* moral interference, with the most massive and keen-edged weapons I was able to forge—not terrible, I well know, like those wielded by others, and yet, may I hope, not discreditable to me. I speak within bounds when I say, that there are fifty passages in my speeches, carrying out the doctrine of moral interference, embodying it, executing it, for every passage of *legal* disclaimer. As Mr. Phillips says he has been 'obliged to look again over my volume,' he must have seen these pages. In one of the opening paragraphs of this very reply, he professes to 'appreciate' the 'good words I have spoken for the Anti-Slavery cause,' and adds, 'my blood has thrilled too often beneath his glowing eloquence, his startling denunciations, and those pictures of Slavery which thrill one's soul.' Yet he discards all this class of passages with which my public writings are filled, and forgets his own concessions, in order to fasten upon me the imputation of moral indifferentism, and even 'consent' in regard to the existence of Slavery. Against hundreds of instances of earnest moral dissent and protestation, he cites less than half a dozen cases of involuntary and extorted legal 'consent,' and then, in violation of every rule of logic, of justice, and of fairness, forces the conclusion that I, in common with other Free Soilers, 'have no concern for Slavery in the States.' Mark these words—every one an outrage: 'have NO CONCERN'—'for [or on account of] Slavery'—'in the States.'

'In the speech of Feb. 15, 1850,' says Mr. Phillips, 'Mr. Mann is so far from denying my statement, that he seems never to have heard of anybody who did wish to agitate for the abolition of Slavery in the States. This is quite probable,' &c. Yet in one of the introductory paragraphs of that speech, which he has just 'looked over again,' occurs the following. 'and if an unspeakable abhorrence of this institution, and the belief that it is the second greatest enormity which the oppressor in his power ever committed against the oppressed in his weakness,' 'I say if this abhorrence of Slavery, and this belief in its criminality, entitle a man to be denominated an Abolitionist, then I rejoice in my unquestionable right to the name.' If any sane man will take the trouble to read the first twenty pages of that speech alone, I defy him to withhold his condemnation from Mr. Phillips for intimating 'that I 'seem never to have heard of anybody who did wish to agitate for the abolition of Slavery in the States;' or that I 'have no concern for Slavery in the States.'

Besides, before Mr. Phillips could come at any such inference, even by the forcing and *ravishment* of my language of which he has been guilty, he had to discard the very terms of my statement. My language was, that we would 'arrest the wrongs of Slavery *by all the legitimate means within our power*;' and he well knows that we hold legislation by Congress to abolish Slavery in the States not to be 'legitimate means.' I suppose Mr. Phillips holds this doctrine himself. If so, then I have the same right to assert that he cares nothing for Slavery, or has no concern for it. The quotations here made from me, in their natural and obvious sense, and as applicable to the subject matter in hand, were all true. But there is a sense in which nothing can be more false. Mr. Phillips cites them in the latter sense.

Mr. Phillips dwells at length on my 'lack of explicitness,' my 'throwing a cloud about' my opinions, &c., in regard to the oath of office which Free Soilers take. In my former reply, I passed this matter by lightly, saying that I had no difficulty about it, because the Constitution 'required us to do nothing in violation of the Higher Law of God.' He now returns to the topic, catechises me in a series of formal questions, demands, *ex cathedra*, 'definite and explicit answers;' and, if I rightly understand the drift of his argument, his aim is to prove that Free Soilers who take the oath of office—Palfrey, Allen, Sumner, Chase, Giddings, Hale, &c.—are guilty of perjury.

Now so far from desiring to 'throw any cloud' about my opinion, I frankly confess I did not surmise before, that Mr. Phillips had such a puerile crotchet in his head as he here discloses. I will try, therefore, to relieve him from his distress of mind about Free Soilers' consciences, hoping he will then improve the time by attending to his own.

Mr. Phillips appears not to be aware of a most plain and palpable legal distinction, and one without which our courts could not get along for a day. He talks as though our oaths were *general* oaths, and not *special* ones; as though they were oaths to perform *all* the official duties which the Constitution provides for, instead of the *particular* duties of the office we fill. I swear *as a Member of the House of Representatives*, not as a United States Marshal, or foul Fugitive Slave Law Commissioner. When Free Soilers are found taking an oath which shall oblige them to return fugitive slaves, then let them be blasted with the swiftest lightning.

But, to help out this strange conceit, Mr. Phillips degrades our oaths to heaven into mere promises to men, by declaring that they are binding in that 'sense in which the nation understands them.' Now I had supposed that, as an oath makes God a party to the transaction, it is binding in that (sense in which He knows the party took it. When I ask what is my duty under my oath, I look to the record in heaven; Mr. Phillips refers me to the votes at the last election. My doctrine is, that my guides to duty are my conscience and my Maker; Mr. Phillips' doctrine is, that I am bound by the Supreme Court and the popular will; or the will of 'the *whole* nation,' as he elsewhere expresses it. According to him, the President of the United States and the Judges of the Courts take oaths to interpret the Constitution according to the opinion of the nation, 'the *whole* nation;' and so, of course, they must ascertain, at their peril, what that opinion is! And if General Jackson is elected President, and the opinion of 'the *whole* nation' changes; or if Texas is annexed, and that opinion changes again, then the oath changes—*toties quoties*, as the lawyers say. He also declares in substance, that all the great and good men who, for the last sixty-four years, have taken the oath, with views, in many respects, *or in any respect*, different from those of the 'nation and the Supreme Court,' were morally perjured. He virtually tells us that when that Christian philanthropist, Mr. Gerrit Smith, shall take his congressional seat and oath, next December, he will commit perjury, and that Mr. Giddings has done so for twenty years! He tells us that the oath is binding according as 'the nation and the Supreme Court construe it;' but he does not tell us what is to be done when the 'nation' is on one side of a question, and the 'Supreme Court' on the other; and he discards the well known legal principle, that even the opinions of the Supreme Court are not the law, but only *evidence of the law*.

Than all this, was there ever a lower specimen of 'Lower Law?' And this, too, not merely 'from the lips of a champion of the Higher Law,' but from one so pure and immaculate in his own eyes, that, in his speech, he spurned me as an unworthy 'champion' of that law.

But see what arrant nonsense this is, even on the 'lower law' supposition that an oath is a promise to men, rather than a vow before God! 'Has Mr. Mann any doubt,' exclaims Mr. Phillips, 'in what sense the nation understands his oath?' Not the slightest, Mr. Phillips! Howell Cobb and Linn Boyd understood perfectly well in what sense I would take the oath, when they called me to the Speaker's desk and administered it; and all the 'nation and the Supreme Court,' who cared to know, knew as well as they did. At any rate, it was not my fault if they did not know; I had told them often enough.

But if it be true, according to the common-place maxim, cited by Mr. Phillips, that a promise is binding in that sense in which the promisor knows the promisee understands it;' it is just as true, whatever words may be used, that a promise is no further binding than as the promisee knows the promisor understands it.

Besides, as a member of Congress I do not swear to support the Constitution in any such sense as forbids my doing all I can to alter it. *In that office*, I have better means of changing it. But, *by refusing office, or refusing to vote*, as Mr. Phillips would have me do, I reserve no remedy but violence and revolution.

The above four points include all that belonged to our discussion. Here, therefore, I ought to have been allowed to close. But Mr. Phillips has gone out of his way, and gathered up numerous foreign topics, and foisted them into the controversy. He has not only collected topics which had no connection with his aggressive speech, nor with my strictly defensive reply; but has copiously interspersed them with misstatement, taunting and personal offence. And these irrelevant topics are more numerous than those originally in discussion between us. I shall briefly reply.

1. Mr. Phillips goes back many years in my life, to accuse me of 'want of frankness'; of stating but 'half truth,' while I practised 'concealment of real facts'; and then he spreads this charge over my conduct and character up to the present time. This imputation, having no connection with our present points of difference, raked up from the past of a dozen years, obliges me to state the plain truth.

When the planning and execution of a great educational enterprise was confided to my hands; when I was encountering the opposition and the hostilities of selfishness in a thousand forms, and the hardly less formidable *inertia* of complacency; when the mental and manual labor of three men was daily thrown upon me, Mr. Phillips came up stealthily behind me, and struck me with dastard blows. Two years ago, he uttered and printed the most palpable untruths respecting me, alienating friends, and diffusing ill-will towards me through a wide circle. Since that time, he has revived the same untruths for re-publication, without suppression or modification. In the criminal courts, and in reference to those who are convicted over and over again, they speak of 'third' or 'fourth comers.' To me, Mr. Phillips is 'at least a 'fifth comer.' Yet, in no instance did I ever before arraign him before the bar of the public. He has grown bold in proportion to his impunity. When he now assails me, and, to present injustice, revives that of a dozen years ago, am I bound any longer to maintain silence?

2. Mr. Phillips asserts that when I first entered Congress, I was doubtless 'elected by the votes of the Anti-Slavery party,' and yet, that I 'would give them no public recognition.' The facts are precisely the reverse. The Anti-Slavery party, at that election, nominated and supported their own candidate against me—a most worthy gentleman, who received the votes of his party. A few of their votes may have been given to me; but my majority must have been five times, probably ten times more than any scattering votes of theirs with which I was honoured. Can Mr. Phillips never be right?

At the next election, I had eleven thousand out of the thirteen thousand votes cast; and though I did then receive the votes of the Free Soil party—for which I have always, on all proper occasions, expressed my recognition and gratitude—yet it never was supposed, even if the votes of that party had been thrown against me, that they would have cancelled my great majority.

3. For Mr. Phillips' insinuation of my leaving the Whig party, and joining the Free Soil party, on account of office, I feel bound to express myself in the strongest terms of rebuke and condemnation that self-respect will allow. All the circumstances and incidents of that period deny and repel his imputation. So far as I know, it is a suggestion never made even by the most hostile of the Whigs themselves. He repeats it from the lying tongue of Rumour. Even if true, it is wholly alien from our present discussion. For what purpose, then, but a malign one, is it introduced here!

Is it not a curious fact in psychology, that a man who has thus assailed me, and imputed to me the most odious sentiments not in my language but in his own; who accuses me of many acts unbecoming a gentleman; of reasonings unworthy of a logician; who charges me with dodging dilemmas I should have met, and slinking into silence when I should have spoken; of being unfaithful to the cause of Anti-Slavery, when, in one of the most perilous crises that ever occurred—I mean the Drayton and Sayres case—I volunteered in behalf of that cause, and day after day stood up before men who came to intimidate me with pistols and bowie knives in their pockets, and who would gladly have taken my life, while this champion of the cause remained among the wagons in the rear—I say, is it not a curious fact in psychology, that such a man should say that *he* cannot 'descend' to criticise me? I agree that he cannot '*descend*'; and even if he could, I feel a reasonable degree of confidence that he would not find me in that direction.

4. I shall notice but one topic more. In one of my letters, Mr. Phillips quotes this (from my letter on Mr. Webster,) that his 'angry and reproachful language releases me from all further obligation to treat him with personal regard,' and says he cannot 'assent to such a canon.' *He* has a much more chivalrous and gentlemanly rule. He is 'bound as a gentleman to treat every man with courtesy, no matter how grossly any one may fail in courtesy to him.' Is it possible that any one can be misled by such confusion of ideas! He would make out a contradiction between his 'canon' and mine—claiming infinite superiority—always claiming superiority!—for himself. Can anything be clearer than that our 'personal regard' for another depends upon our estimate of his qualities, and therefore must, perforce, be given or withheld according to our opinion of those qualities. But a man is bound by the laws of courtesy, *for his own sake*; and therefore, while I intend to treat Mr. Phillips courteously, *on my own account*, I earnestly hope for such a change in his conduct and spirit, that I can also treat him, hereafter, with 'personal regard.'

I regret to have been obliged to say so much in reference to irrelevant and foreign matters, which ought never to have been brought into this discussion. If it is to be continued, I demand that Mr. Phillips shall state his points fully, and in my language, when I am to be held responsible for them; and that they shall be fairly argued, without the introduction of extraneous matter, or imputation of bad motive. I engage to avoid all personal reference to him, except as now, in reply and self-defence

HORACE MANN.

P. S. Editors who have copied Mr. Phillips' reply to me, are respectfully requested to copy this rejoinder.

SLAVE LABOUR.

We copy from the *Times* another of the Letters of its travelling correspondent at the South. It presents the system not in a new light, though in one which has not often been dwelt upon, and in that respect contains a good deal of valuable information. Nor is the value of its testimony lessened by the fact that it is given by one who evidently is not an Abolitionist, and who looks upon the system merely as a politico-economist. The *animus* of his objection to it clearly is not that it is a wrong to the Slave.

To the Editor of the New York Daily Times:

I did not intend when I commenced writing these letters to give much attention to the subject of Slavery; but the truth is, the character of the whole agriculture of the country depends upon it. In every department of industry I see its influence, vitally affecting the question of profit, and I must add that everywhere, and constantly, the conviction is forced upon me, to a degree entirely unanticipated, that its effect is universally ruinous. My first impression upon crossing the country was, that to account for the general superior prosperity asserted of the North, we need go no further than to examine the soil; the main source of wealth at the South being agriculture, no cheapness of labour could make profitable the culture of such poor soil as that which at first fell under my observation. It did, indeed, occur to me that only by the low value of slave labour, could such land have been so long retained in cultivation. Would you think it possible that a man could live by cultivating ground that only produced three bushels of wheat to the acre? The very slightest possible cultivation of the soil, and the mere seed and sowing of it without the slightest tillage, would cost a northern farmer as much as the value of the crop. Such crops are common in Virginia. I do not exaggerate in saying so. I have heard of repeated instances where the crop of a whole, large plantation was not over three bushels to the acre! Without asserting, as, however, I am much inclined to think, and as many Virginians confess to me they are themselves convinced, that the system of Slavery is responsible, by its enervating effects upon the minds of the superior race, for this beggarly farming; there is not room for the shadow of a doubt across my mind, that slave labour makes the cost of cultivating such lands greater, and the profit (?) less, than it would be under free labour.

But the soils from which I derived the impression I have spoken of, are by no means to be taken as a criterion of the ordinary lands of this country; I have since seen large tracts of as fine wheat land, deep and rich upland or piney loam; or alluvial meadows of the best description of soil for general cropping, that I ever saw in any country, and even on the same old piney land—or worn out tobacco fields—under a system of agriculture of moderate enterprise and skill, I have found that fair crops of all sorts can be made. And under free labour, and the direction of men exercising the ordinary intelligence and skill applied to Northern farms, I am wholly convinced that there is not in all the Northern States, or in all of Europe, a district of country where the business of farming would be so profitable, as in Eastern Virginia. I shall hereafter discuss the inducements offered under present circumstances to emigration. As to the capability of the soil, I heard this morning that a Northern man last year purchased a farm in Southern Virginia, but a few miles from a railroad, and but twenty from a seaport, for which he paid $5 an acre. It had not ordinarily produced wheat at the rate of five bushels the acre, and had never been plowed over four inches in depth; upon which, by plowing eight inches, turning up not only virgin soil, but clay to mix with the sand of the surface, and applying 150 barrels of guano, costing $3 75 to the acre, he obtained a crop averaging twenty bushels an acre, and from which he realized much more than sufficient money to pay for the cost of the land it grew upon, and the expense of growing it. I have seen land of a similar description, which has been sold, with its improvements, during the last year, for $2 25 an acre.

As I may hereafter wish sometimes to assume the superior cheapness or economy of free labour, I will in addition to the reasons I have before given it, state here a few more.

I have compared notes with several farmers, planters and manufactures, capitalists and contractors, and I arrive at the conclusion to which they have without one exception acceded, that the wages of labourers, measuring them merely by power of muscle, or brute force, without regard to energy or will, are at this time at least 25 per cent. higher in Eastern Virginia than in the State of New York.

In addition to this difference there is to be deducted from the profit of the slave the loss of time occasioned by his sickness (or absence from any cause); which loss does not fall upon the proprietor under the free labour system, and the temptation to counterfeit which is not offered to the labourer. The loss of this to the slave farmer is of various consequence, sometimes small, often excessively embarrassing, always a subject of anxiety and suspicion. A farmer told me for the purpose of showing me the weakness of the family tie and the promiscuous intercourse among slaves, that having allowed one of his men, a mechanic, to work some time in a shipyard in a city, soon after his return, and at a time when he was pressed for labour, he suddenly found twelve hands, male and female, and all of them married parties, laid up with a disgusting disease, and was obliged to procure, at a great expense, a physician to come from town twice a week to examine the whole force, to prevent its spread among them. After all, an old "nigger doctor," a slave in the neighbourhood, was more successful in curing them with an empirical remedy, than the regular practitioner. I mention this as indicating that this complaint is not unfrequent among them. A decoction of pine leaves is one of the negro remedies. As to *sham sickness* or "playing possum" I heard much complaint of it, and it is said to be nearly as hard to treat negroes in sickness as it is children, because they use their imagination so much, greatly puzzle the doctors by lying as to their symptoms, and from their neglect or refusal to take the remedies left for them. They will generally conceal pills in their mouth, declare they have swallowed them and it is only discovered that they have not by their failing to have any effect. This is a general custom, but probably arose from the fact that unless very disagreeably ill they are loth to recover from that which exempts them from labour.

Amusing incidents illustrating this difficulty I have heard, showing that the slave rather enjoys getting a severe wound that lays him up. He has his hand smashed by accident, and says: "Bless de Lord—de hand b'long to massa. I don't reckon I'se got no more corn to hoe dis year, for sartin."

On the other hand the suspicion that when a hand complains he is "playing 'possum" and the refusal to allow him to "knock off" often aggravates what might be otherwise a slight and temporary indisposition, into a long and serious illness. From this reason, the labour of women on a plantation, as a large planter assured me, "actually does not pay for their salt." After they get to the "breeding age" they do no more work of any account. "They are forever complaining of 'ir regularities. They don't come to the field, and you ask what's the matter, and the old nurse always nods her head and says, 'Oh, *she's not well*, sir; she's not fit to work, sir,' and you have to take her word for it."

I believe that the slaves are generally very kindly and considerately treated in sickness, but the profit of slave labour is all the less from this, from the encouragement to the slave to make the most of sickness and so to withdraw his labour and be a mere "bill of expense" to his master.

Then the slaves sometimes *refuse* to labour, or "balk," from mere "rascality," which, as I have before shown, is sufficiently common and inexplicable as to be considered a disease. They are then inconceivably stubborn, and can barely be driven to work by the lash, and in no way restrained from recklessly or malevolently doing much injury to their master's property.

"How do you *manage*, then, when a man misbehaves, or is sick?" I have been asked at this point of the discussion.

"If he is sick, I simply charge against him every half day of the time he is off work, and deduct it from his wages. If he is careless, or refuses to do what in reason I demand of him, I discharge him, paying him wages to the time he leaves. With new men in whom I have not confidence, I make a written agreement, before witnesses, on engaging them, that will permit me to do this. As for "rascality," I never had but one case of anything approaching to what you call so. A man contradicted me in the field; I told him to leave his job and go to the house, took hold and finished it myself; then went to the house, made out a written statement of account, counted out the balance in money due him, gave him the statement and the money, and told him he must go, and had not another word with him. I've no doubt he was a good and respectful man to his next employer.

The slave master, in case he finds he has a "tartar," on his hands, has no remedy, if he has hired him, but to ask a deduction of what he has paid from his owner, on the same ground that you would if you had hired a vicious horse, and instead of having helped you on your journey he had broken your leg; or, if he is an owner, to *sell* him to "go South."

That the slaves have to be "humored" a great deal, and often cannot be made to do their master's will, is very evident—I do not think they will do from fear nearly as much as Northern laborers will simply from respect to their contract or regard to their duty. The gentleman I before spoke of as employing white labourers on a farm, had been especially struck with this. A dam had given way, and it was necessary to do a good deal of work very promptly in the water. He was greatly surprised to find how much more readily than negroes his white men would obey his orders, jumping into the water waist deep in the midst of winter without the slightest hesitation or grumbling. He had noticed the same on all emergencies, when it was desirable to work late at night, &c., or to do any very disagreeable job. A farmer in England told me that he had once, in a very bad harvest season, had labourers at work without a wink of sleep for sixty hours, himself heading them, and eating and drinking with them.

Finally, to come to the point of the amount of work which will be done under the Northern and Southern system. I regret that I cannot get more exact data here. The only close observation of the work done in a day by slaves that can be fairly compared with that by free labourers, that I have been able to obtain, was made by J. R. Grisoom, of Petersburg; a man remarkable for the accuracy and preciseness of his information on all subjects. I was recommended to call upon him, as a man possessing very intimate knowledge with regard to the agriculture of the district in which he lives, by as strong a pro-Slavery man as I have met. He formerly resided in New-Jersey, and has had the superintendence of very extensive and varied agricultural operations in Virginia.

He tells me he once very carefully observed how much labor was expended in securing a very thin wheat crop, and found that it took four negroes one day to cradle, rake, and bind one acre. (That is, this was the rate at which the field was harvested.) In the wheat-growing districts of Western New-York, four men would be expected to do five acres of a similar crop.

Mr. Griscom further states, as his opinion, that four negroes do not, in the ordinary agricultural operations of this State, accomplish as much one labourer in New-Jersey. Upon my expressing my astonishment, he repeated it, as his deliberately formed opinion.

I have since, again called on Mr. Griscom, and obtained permission to give his name with the above statement. He also wishes me to add, that the ordinary waste in harvesting, by the carelessness of the negroes, above that which occurs in the hands of Northern labourers, is large enough to equal what a Northern farmer would consider a satisfactory profit on the crop. I do not think there is a man in Virginia whose information on this point would be more reliable or whose opinion would be formed with less prejudice to either side and is entitled to greater respect than Mr. Griscom's.

I have at second hand the result of the experience another man who has superintendent extended labo of a similar character, both at the North and in \ ginia, which precisely agrees with Mr. Griscom's. am not able now to see him and obtain the facts directly, but have been promised a statement of them by him in writing.

In a late article by H. M. Brackenbridge, in the *National Intelligencer*, copied in the New-York *Times* of Dec. 29, reproving the spirit of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and containing many very sensible observations on Slavery, the result, the writer says, of ten years observation and much reflection, it is stated that "the day's labour of the slave is notoriously not more than half that of the white man; and if left to himself (it would be) not more than half that."

Another gentleman here, who formerly resided in Connecticut, told me that he believed that a Northern labourer would finish a negro's day's work by 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

I have stated that I had met no farmer that was not convinced of the superior economy of free-labour (if the slaves were not on their hands and in some way to be provided for), but few however are willing to concede or can believe the difference to be as great as the above opinions would indicate. On mentioning them to one, he remarks, that although the four men might not have done more than at the rate of an acre a day, it must have been because they were not well driven. He thought that if driven hard enough, threatened with punishment, and *punished* if necessary, they would do as much work as it was *possible* for any white man to do. The same man, however, has told me that slaves were very rarely punished—he thought not more than apprentices were at the North—that the driving was almost always left to overseers, who were the laziest and most inefficient dogs in the world—frequently not worth half so much as the slaves they pretended to manage, and that the wages of an overseer were often not half as much as one of the negroes put under his control could be hired out for.

A planter on the coast, whom I asked to examine these statements, and my conclusions with regard to this subject, that he might, if he could, refute them, or give me any facts of an opposite character, replied: "Why, I have no doubt you are right, sir; in general, a slave does not do half the work he easily might, and which, by being harsh enough with him, he can be made to do. When I came into possession of my plantation, I found the overseer was good for nothing, and I soon told him I had no further occasion for his services, and I went to driving myself. In the morning, when I went out, one of them came up to me saying, 'Well, massa, what'll you hab me go at dis mornin'?' 'Well, ole man,' said I, 'you may go to the swamps and cut wood.' 'Well, massa,' said he, 's'pose you wants me to do kordins we's been use to doin' here: eberry nigar cut a cord o' wood a day.' 'A cord! that's what you have been used to doing, is it?' said I. 'Yes, massa, dat's wot dey always makes a niggar do roun' heah—a cord a day, dat's allers de job.' 'Well, now, ole man,' said I, 'you go and cut me two cords to-day.'

'Oh! massa! two cords! Nobody couldn't do dat. Oh! massa, dat's too hard! Nebber heard nobody's cuttin' more'n a cord a day roun' heah. No niggar couldn't do it.' 'Well, ole man, you have to have two cords of wood cut to-night, or to-morrow morning you shall get two hundred lashes. Now, go off and be about it.' And he did it, and ever since no negro has ever cut less than two cords a day for me, though my neighbours never get but one cord. It was just so with a great many other things—mauling rails—I always have twice as many rails mauled in a day as it is the custom of the country to expect of a negro, and just twice as many as my negroes always had been made to do before I managed them myself."

Allowing that the opinions of the practical men who have had experience at the North and South, that I have given, somewhat exaggerate the difference in the amount of work accomplished by a slave and a Northern free labourer (though I did not give them because they were extreme, but because they were the only exact statements that I could obtain)—allowing that I have been unfortunate in this way, and that a longer residence in the State would give me information that would much modify these estimates, there still remains, beyond a doubt, a very great loss in using the labour of the slave. These statements would make the loss between three and four hundred *per cent.* Now, although they were the calculations of deliberate estimates of men who had enjoyed a liberal education, and who had unusual facilities for observing both at the North and South—men who employ slaves, and who sustain Southern opinions on the political questions arising from Slavery—I am not disposed to insist upon full credit for them. *Cut them down one-half*, and we still have a loss of nearly *one hundred per cent.* Even if you will have them to be utterly mistaken, and calculate that the slaves accomplish equally as much—man for man—as Irishmen under wages contract, yet consider how large a sum would pay for clothes, time lost by sickness or otherwise—five or more additional holidays, which custom gives them, and for all that they pilfer or damage and destroy through carelessness, improvidence, recklessness and rascality?

Can there be a reasonable doubt that the State of Virginia loses fifty per cent. on the cost of labour, in employing slaves in preference to freemen?

Suppose that half the cost of a crop is expended in the human labour given to it, the profits of the farmers of Virginia would then be increased 25 per cent. per annum, if they could substitute the labour of freemen for that of slaves.

Labour is the creator of wealth. There can be no honest wealth, no true prosperity, without it, and in exact proportion to the economy of labour is the cost of production and the accumulation of profit.

Remembering this, I cannot but ask the people of Virginia to read again the facts that follow, which I extract from the leading article of the Richmond *Enquirer* of this date (Dec. 29), and seriously and candidly reflect for themselves with regard to them.

"Virginia, anterior to the Revolution and up to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, contained more wealth and a larger population than other States of this Confederacy."

* * * * * * *

"Virginia, from being first in point of w and political power, has come down to the fifth in th er, and the fourth in the latter. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio stand above her in wealth, and all, but Massachusetts, in population and political ower. Three of these States are literally chequered over with Railroads and Canals, and the fourth (Massachusetts) with Railroads alone.

But when we find that the population of the single city of New York and its environs exceeds the whole free population of Eastern Virginia, and the valley between the Blue Ridge and Alleghany, we have cause to feel deeply for our situation. Philadelphia herself contains a population far greater than the whole free population of Eastern Virginia.

——"The little State of Massachusetts has an aggregate wealth exceeding that of Virginia by more than one hundred and twenty-six millions of dollars—a State, too, which is incapable of subsisting its inhabitants from the production of its soil. And in New York, which was as much below Massachusetts, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in wealth and power, as the latter was below Virginia, now exceeds the wealth of both. While the aggregate wealth of New York, in 1850, amounted to $1,080,309,216, that of Virginia was $436,701,082—a difference in favour of the former of $643,608,134. The unwrought mineral wealth of Virginia exceeds that of New York. The climate and soil are better; the back country, with equal improvents, would contribute as much."

All true, and facts and contrasts more striking and far more humiliating might have been shown you Why be driven by fanaticism and bigotry to shut your eyes to the most simple and evident explanation of them?

I shall next show why it is not possible for any single farmer or manufacturer to relieve himself of his proportion of this tax to support Slavery and increase his products and profits in a corresponding ratio—and make it evident that only by the general action of the people, their "commercial vassalage" can be remedied.

MRS. SIGOURNEY AND COLONISATION.—Rev. J. Morris Pease, Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colonisation Society acknowledges the following letter and its enclosure, from the estimable lady and distinguished poetess of New England, Mrs. Sigourney, an act worthy of the imitation of other ladies:

HARTFORD, Tuesday, March 8, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: Having seen, in your *Colonisation Herald*, an appeal for aid in paying the passage to Liberia of thirty-one emancipated slaves from Virginia, I enclose twenty dollars for that purpose.

Wishing the mite were ten-fold, I remain, very respectfully, yours, L. H. SIGOURNEY.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1853

On the 13th of July, 1787, in the Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States north of the Ohio river, it was enacted by the 6th article that

There shall be neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

The State of Illinois has recently enacted a new law, clearly in contravention of this Ordinance of 1787. We publish it in full below, and, as may be seen, it makes Illinois a Slave State to all intents and purposes, and goes far beyond any legislation yet ventured upon, on this subject, by any State north of Mason and Dixon's Line. We say *makes* Illinois a Slave State; for such, we observe, is the term generally used in describing this act to prevent the emigration of free negroes into the State, but it would be more proper to say *continues*, for Illinois always was a Slave State, the Ordinance to the contrary notwithstanding. Slavery, under a limitation, is now, or, at least, has been till very recently, if not still, in existence in the Southern part of the State. True, it was under a law which looked to the final termination of servitude, as the slaves were such only for a term of years; but the fact of bondage was the same, whether legal or illegal, and as long as it existed, if it does not still exist, made the State a Slave State in spite of the Ordinance.

The law now before us, moreover, seems to be considered, aside from the fact just stated, as an evidence that Illinois has taken a great stride downward in iniquity. The iniquity is undeniably great enough, but it is not so much worse than that which has hitherto characterised her, in relation to free coloured people, as seems to be supposed. We can not now readily turn to the laws which up to this time have been in operation there, but, if our memory does not deceive us, they virtually forbad the immigration of free coloured persons, and made it quite as difficult, for a fugitive slave to escape after he entered her boundaries as it was before he left a Slave State. The present Act, unless we are greatly mistaken, is only carrying out the spirit of former legislation rather than a new step in a new direction.

We remember once being witness to a case in point under the operation of her former laws. We happened to be staying, for a brief season, some sixteen or eighteen years ago, in a little village in the interior of Illinois at the village-tavern. The usual bustle announced, one evening, the arrival of some travellers, and presently the landlord ushered into the common sitting-room two white men and a negro. The former disencumbered themselves of their outer garments, and we saw they were well armed with knife and pistol; the latter had neither coat, comforter, nor leggens, to throw off, nor arms to show, but his hands were tied behind him. We soon learned they were slave-hunters and a captured slave. Such indulgence was shown to the black man as any good-natured master condescends to bestow upon his dog; he was permitted to have a seat at a corner of the wide chimney-place, and while his masters sat down to a warm and comfortable supper in the adjoining room—the table, in case of accident, being drawn to just without the door-way—they tossed to him bits of meat and bread with which to break his day's fast. "I'll thank you, gentlemen," said one of the hunters to those present, "to keep an eye on the fellow;" he either did not hear, or did not think it best to heed the rather irreverent exclamations of one or two of them—that 'they'd be damned if they did.' As the white men seemed inclined to be communicative, the brief story of this successful slave-hunt was soon drawn out of them. 'Jem,' the fugitive, was the slave of one of these fellows and had escaped from his plantation in Kentucky a little more than a year before. On reaching Illinois he was arrested under her laws, and required to enter into the usual bonds, and being, unable, of course, to do that, was detained where he was arrested to work out the time of a year and a day, fixed, we understood, by the statute, before he could be permitted to continue in his own way, the 'pursuit of happiness.' That time had expired to wit in the day when this man appeared and claimed him as his slave, and he was at once surrendered.

The village where he was taken was about thirty miles from that where we then were, and the party had left it that morning, the white men on horseback, and the slave on foot. The travelling was very heavy, and their progress slow, the more so necessarily that but two of them were mounted. That they might get on faster, the whites at length concluded to take their turns alternately at walking—'tye and go,' they call it in that country—that the slave might be saved something of the fatigue, and be enabled, when he did walk, to travel more rapidly. It did not occur to them that they run any risk in such an arrangement, but the slave was not so forgetful. He trudged on quietly for miles, riding when he was permitted, and walking briskly on foot, till he was quite certain that the confidence of his captors in him was complete, and their vigilance slumbering.

In the afternoon, the opportunity he had been watching for anxiously all day came. The party were just entering a strip of timber-land, which, the slave knew enough of the country to be certain, must border a creek. He was then on horseback, and had, without exciting suspicion, pushed a hundred yards or so ahead of the other horseman; the man on foot was near him, but four legs he calculated were better than two, and he hoped the horse would soon carry him out of the reach of his pursuers. The venture was a desperate one, with an armed man within pistol-shot behind him, and another mounted not much farther off. The first bullet might bring either him or his

titled to the custody of said negro or mulatto, in accordance with the laws of the United States passed upon this subject, he shall, upon the owner or agent paying all costs up to the time of claiming said negro or mulatto, and the cost of proving the same, and also the balance of the fine remaining unpaid, give to said owner a certificate of said facts, and said owner or agent so claiming, shall have a right to take and remove said slave out of the State.

Sec. 9. If any justice of the peace shall refuse to issue any writ or process necessary for the arrest and prosecution of any negro or mulatto, under the provisions of this act, upon complaint being made before said justice by any resident of his county, and his fees for said service being tendered him, shall be deemed guilty of non-feasanse in office, and upon conviction thereof punished accordingly, and in all cases where the jury find for the negro or mulatto, or that he, she, or they, are not guilty under the provisions of this act, the said justice of the peace shall proceed to render judgment against the prosecuting witness, or person making the complaint, and shall collect the same as other judgments; Provided, That said prosecuting witness or person making said complaint, in case judgment is rendered against him, shall have a right to take an appeal to the Circuit Court, as is provided for in this act, in case said negro or mulatto is found guilty.

Sec. 10. Every person who shall have one-fourth negro blood shall be deemed a mulatto.

Sec. 11. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 12th, 1853.

GEORGE DOUGHTY.—George Doughty, of Jamaica, Long Island, is known to many of our readers, and most of his friends probably have heard that he has recently become insane. An hereditary tendency, probably, acted upon by an unbounded faith in what are called "Spiritual Manifestations," so unsettled his mind that he first became the dupe of some designing swindlers; and other evidences of insanity soon showing themselves, his friends wisely placed him in the Bloomingdale Asylum. Unfortunately the character of the designs of the 'Medis' was not discovered till they had induced him to part with a large sum of money. We copy below a portion of the evidence before the Commissioners as a matter of interest to his friends:

John Williams sworn—I reside in Brooklyn; I know George Doughty, and have always been acquainted with him; he married my sister; I discovered first about a year ago that his mind was affected; he then became interested in what they call "spirit rappers," and took considerable interest in investigating the matter; and in so doing he became acquainted with what he called a "spiritual medium;" and this medium, after he knew her for some time, professed to have spiritual communications; and among others, that she communicated with the spirit of his brother, and that appeared to have the effect of disorganising his mind—so much so, that he appeared to me to be insane, not only on that but other subjects; it seemed to upset his mind; it is now about six months ago that I heard of his communications with his brother, who had been dead about ten years; he told me that within the last three months past he had had a communication from his brother; this medium directing him to give her a sum of money, which he told me he had done; it was $5,000; at another time she had directed him to buy some patent; it was a patent which a person had that she seemed connected with; he paid for this, pursuant to the direction of the spirit for this patent, $8,000; also, that he had a communication which stated that he was to be Postmaster-General, I think he said; this came through his telling me he was preparing to go to Washington, and that he had nominated Postmasters for different cities; he told me who was to be the Postmaster here; it was to be a coloured man of his bringing up; he is about 56 or 60 years of age; the last I heard of this medium was, that she was on a steamboat going from Pittsburgh to St. Louis; the statement about Postmasters, &c., was made about a month ago; he mortgaged his real estate to pay her the $8,000; he assigned bonds and mortgages to raise the $8,000; I understand he hypothecated about $10,000 in bonds and mortgages; he said he had adopted this medium as a daughter; she was 35 or 40 years old; he said he had given papers to Mr. Doughty by which she was to be a daughter of his and an heir to his property; that he had taken back these papers and given her $5,000, because she opposed it; he said he had had a communication with Benjamin to do this; he also said this was going to bring about a new order of things; he also said he had communications from his deceased daughter, she had been dead perhaps three or six months; they related to her happiness in the spirit land; in fact, he had communications on all subjects, on his farming matters; he said, when he got communications from his angelic brother he would follow; the medium left after she got the $8,000; he got a paper purporting to be a patent to cool iron with copper; they say it is good for nothing; I understand that the person who sold the patent was staying at the Irving House with the medium.

The written communications were written by Mr. French; his mind has been somewhat disordered on some subjects for a number of years; he told me all the slaves in the United States were to be liberated within five years; his sister was insane and died in the Lunatic Asylum, and so did his father.

David T. Brown, sworn—I am the physician at Bloomingdale: George Doughty is a patient there, and has been since the 18th of February; deemed it imprudent to bring him here; he still persists in saying that he got these communications from his brother; believes still the woman is honest; believes the man also is honest; he wishes all communications with him to be in writing.

Richard S. Williams, sworn—It was not until the 15th of last month that I was apprised of these acts of fraud; [the balance of Mr. Williams' testimony was merely corroborative of Mr. John Williams.

John J. Latting, sworn—This loan was, to my knowledge, obtained from the Irving Savings' Bank, and he gave a mortgage on the house and lot in Court street, Brooklyn.

The Jury returned a verdict of Lunacy, and made provision for the division of Mr Doughty's property in case of his death.

DEATH OF JUDGE JUDSON.—Hon. Andrew T. Judson, U. S. District Judge for Connecticut, died at Canterbury Ct., on Thursday of last week. In a eulogistic notice of his character, the *New-York Herald* says: "He was distinguished for his prominence in many important cases, particulary in that of Prudence Crandall, which arose in this manner: the Abolitionists established a school in Canterbury, under the direction of Miss Crandall, for the education of coloured girls. Some of the inhabitants of the town did not like this, and Mr. Judson got a law passed prohibiting the existence of schools excepting such as were licensed by the selectmen (magistrates). The selectmen of the town of Canterbury refused to give Miss Crandall a license; yet she continued, in defiance of the law, to conduct the school, and she was subsequently indicted and Mr. Judson conducted the prosecution on behalf of the State. The cause was tried before Chief Justice Daggett, and some of the most distinguished members of the bar volunteered to defend Miss Crandall. The constitutionality of prohibiting the schools without a license was denied, and the great question was, whether the law was constitutional or not. The defence set up was, that the blacks were freeborn subjects of Massachusetts, and, as such, were entitled to all the privileges of the United States within the State of Connecticut. Mr. Judson contended that the blacks were not citizens under the constitution, and the jury found a verdict against Miss Csandall. The cause was carried up to the Court of Appeals, and the result was that they broke up the school, and drove the black scholars out of that State."

There are some slight errors in this statement, such as that Miss Crandall's school was established by the Abolitionists. It was her own school, and the difficulty originated in her receiving as a pupil a young woman, to whom the only objection was that she was not perfectly white. The statement, however, in the main is true, and if Judge Judson's friends choose to put it forward as his Eulogy, Abolitionists have only to rest satisfied that justice is done. His one claim to notice is just this—that he used all the power that social position, the law, and popular principles could give him to debar the coloured children of Connecticut from acquiring the first elements of education.

☞ The *Friends' Review* states that John Chandler and Wilson Burgess, who left this country for Brazil last year, have arrived in England. While in Brazil they had interviews with several of the Ministers of State at Rio Janeiro, and were favoured with an audience by the Emperor, to whom they presented the Yearly Meeting's Address on Slavery and the slave trade. The *Friend* adds that it is informed that the slave trade, which of late years had greatly augmented in Brazil, and which in 1850 had reached a fearful magnitude, is now nearly or quite extinct. Only one vessel is known to have landed its cargo of human beings on any part of its extensive coast during the past year. We believe, however, that the slave trade was nearly suppressed before the visits of John Chandler and Wilson Burgess to Rio Janeiro.

STAFFORD HOUSE.—The English papers announce that the Duchess of Sutherland has announced that Mrs. Stowe will receive her friends at Stafford House when in London.

☞ A Southern paper comes to us with the following paragraph conspicuously marked:

The Wakulla *Times*, of Wednesday, says: On Sunday last twelve negroes were baptised in the St. Marks river, by the Rev. James Page. For the information of the New York *Tribune*, and others in the North, who seem to feel so deeply interested in the religious privileges of the Southern slaves, we will state that the Rev. James Page is a black man—a slave, the property of Col. Parkhill, of Leon county. He was regularly ordained a minister of the Baptist Church, in New Port, some eighteen months ago, and on that occasion produced letters of recommendation from his owner, from Judge James E. Broome (Governor elect of Florida), Benjamin F. Whitner, Esq., and some others of the most respectable citizens of Leon county. He is one of the most popular coloured preachers hereabouts, and has often many white people to hear him preach.

We are not sure whether our Southern contemporary means by this to prove to us that they have in that region slaves who are excellent preachers, or preachers who are excellent slaves; but if it be the latter fact to which he wishes to call our attention, we can assure him it is by no means an uncommon thing with us; but if the former, then we assure him we think the worse of Slavery the better the men it holds in bondage.

THE LEMON CASE.—The Virginia House of Delegates has passed a Resolution directing the Attorney General to prosecute the appeal in the Lemon Case, before the Supreme Court of this State. Some fears have been expressed that, in this connection, the mission of Mr. Hubbard to Louisiana, will be remembered against the law-officer of Virginia. It is more likely, however, that he will be received by the Castle Garden Committee with the freedom of N. Y. City in a good snuff-box—it can be easily put in a very small one—than by the Anti-Slavery Committee informing him that his passage is taken in the first steamer for the South. 'There is,' as a friend of ours sometimes says, 'odds in ginger.'

☞ THE *Boston Commonwealth* says that Abraham Johnson and Sylvia Johnson, his wife, two persons of colour, have recently arrived at New Bedford in the schooner Armida, from Jefferson, Ga. They went respectively as cook and stewardess of the brig Round Pond, and on arriving at Jefferson, they were lodged in prison *according to law*. The Round Pond being delayed, the captain of the Armida kindly received them on board, and gave them a passage home. They are quite destitute, and need assistance to get to Providence, where they belong.

[For the Standard.]

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

THE persevering fidelity of the Democracy of New Hampshire to the interests that have so long controlled this nation has at length received its reward. Her valleys are not so dark, nor so far *North*, that years of faithful devotion to the Slave Power can remain forever hidden in them. The savoury incense, kept burning so long on the Granite Hills, has been wafted by the North wind under the nose of the Moloch of Southern Slavery. The propitiated demon has recognised and rewarded his worshippers. The humble has been exalted. That which was said in the ear in the corner of a caucus may now be proclaimed from the White House top. The Jesuistical tactics of Concord have been removed to Washington. The *cabal* that watched from the office of the *Patriot*, to repress every expression of free thought, every movement of true democracy in New Hampshire, that manipulated and *wire-pulled* the small machinery of Locofocoism there, that throttled Parson Atwood, and, having shaken out of him his manliness, his self-respect, and his accidental attachment to principle, flung him away, can now manœuvre on the more conspicuous theatre of Washington. Thence they can frown awfully on the movements of Northern Abolitionists, and wink secretly at the movements of Southern fillibusters. Their agents may attend every slave-hunt in the free States; their attorneys make inquisition for blood in every mock Court, where men's liberties are lawlessly put in question, while diplomatic plots are contrived for the enslavement of the West Indians, and Mexico is plied with fresh provocations to war. Over the whole world they may do effective service in repressing the aspirations and efforts of the people for freedom, less by the cold-blooded indifference with which they will regard the struggle than by their determination to make the freedom of this nation a mockery and a lie.

There is less necessity for some people to define their position than they are apt to imagine. Indeed, for most men, speech seems a superfluous expression; their characters find other modes of making themselves known. It was not necessary for the President to assure us that he would have none but his own partisans, men of his own calibre and character, in office, nor that he would do all that could be done to coax, bully or plunder the Island of Cuba away from Spain, nor that he would uphold "*involuntary servitude*," as one of the "*institutions*" recognised in and secured by the Constitution. Of course he would do all these things. It was expected of him when he was nominated. His previous life was not so obscure but that it was known at Baltimore, last June, that his intellectual range of ideas, his personal and political morality, fitted him admirably to be the nation's tool in perpetrating any new outrage that might become necessary on justice and the rights of man. It was quite gratuitous for him to stand up and deny that he had any sympathy with the noblest impulses and holiest purposes of his countrymen, or to assert that the humane spirit of the age had not affected him; that he had brought away from his New England education no influence of a pure morality and genuine religion; that he looked with more than indifference, with approval and consent, at the condition of three millions of people in the nation, over whose destinies he presides, degraded to a condition worse than the brutes; that he had no apprehensions for a government weakened by such a stupendous crime and danger as Slavery; no misgivings that the Constitution he has sworn to administer is stealthily perverted into an instrument of oppression and barbarism. He is not one of the statesmen that see these things or that is even capable of seeing them. He joins the insensate clamour of those politicians who are torturing language itself to coin new expressions of devotion to the *Union*. On his part, it is, probably, mainly sincere—as ever since Hale and the Whigs carried New Hampshire against Texas, he has had nervous apprehensions that the *Union*, or, at any rate, the substantial part of it, the *spoils* and the *plunder*, was not *safe*. For the most part, this popular devotion to the Union is a mere false alarm raised and kept sounding to drown the just apprehensions of a few statesmen, patriots and thinkers at the grave peril of the liberties of the people—a consideration worth *ten thousand Unions*. When a nation has become tenacious chiefly of the *mere form* of its government, it is a sure sign of its decadence and approaching overthrow. No people who have not held the *form* of government completely subservient to the *substantial purposes* of government—who have not been willing to dissolve *Unions* and break ancient leagues when they became instruments of oppression—have ever been able to maintain free governments. The ground of this apprehension for the American Union is simply this, not that anarchy or tyranny would ensue, but that a new element of liberty would be introduced, that horrible forms of oppression would be discontinued, and the rights of man have a more distinct and less unequivocal recognition. The true meaning of Unionism in this country is *conservatism*, *reaction* and *fear of the people*.

With what fresh violation of the Constitution, what outrage upon the poor, the President may signalize his administration, it may be unnecessary to predict. Mr. Tyler annexed Texas; Mr. Polk plundered Mexico; Mr. Fillmore surrendered the *Habeas Corpus* and *Trial by Jury*, and introduced the horrors of Slavery into the free States. Some like deed will not be wanting by which Mr. Pierce may test his fidelity, and emulate their example. He seems not a little humble and overpowered by the greatness that has been thrust upon him, and justly attributes it, not to his talents and influence or the value of his public services, but to the perseverance and consistency of his obscure fidelity to the interests of Slavery.

Pay day has now come, and the clamorous partisans who conducted the canvass must have the reward for their services, according to their kind. Had Mr. Pierce even sufficient magnanimity to respect the more than acquiescence with which conservative Whiggism has regarded his election, he has not sufficient courage to front with a rebuff the hungry gang that infest the parlieus of the White House. As that gambling sentiment, "To the victors belong the spoils," never had a more distinct expression than in his late inaugural, it is probable that the application of it will be more summary and complete than ever before. It is already universally understood among the applicants for office that attachment to Slavery is the sole ground of preferment. Each eager canvasser will try, if possible, to stab his rival with the charge of Abolitionism, and the faintest shade of humanity will be a "*damned spot*," that will not "*out*," though more bitterly repented of than the deadliest sin. Should heaven make such merciless requisitions for the sins of mankind as this administration will make for Anti-Slavery opinions, not a human soul could be saved. Some applicants will be repudiated for having said publicly that Slavery was an evil; some for expressing joy that a fugitive has escaped; some for shedding tears over 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' One zealous Democrat in this vicinity is likely to lose a collectorship because, four years ago, at the request of a neighbour, he *thoughtlessly* called a Free Soil meeting to order, and then ran home. To read the myriad letters with which the administration has been *dunned* since last November, and see in how many of them men have denied sentiments most honourable to their [illegible] and claimed as merits the most false and ad[illegible]ions, and the basest services, would give a [illegible]e devil himself.

Nobody, however, will be disappointed or outraged. All this was in the programme, and for that matter is as respectable as the last *regimé*. Free thought, free speech, and free printing, however, may be allowed for a few years longer yet; and the only decent, consistent or dignified opposition that can be made to this administration is upon the question of Slavery. T.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Elections to the Convention The Correspondent on Whig pathology—An eminent leech—A desperate Case—Mr. Sumner and Mr. Fletcher Webster in Marshfield—Comments of State Street and of the Correspondent thereon—The Correspondent is politically didactic—He enforceth his doctrine by examples—His modesty—Objects of Convention—"The Sandwiching System"—Elective Judiciary—President Pierce's Boston Appointments—The Correspondent confirmeth all but one—He endorseth the policy of foreign appointments—Mr. Fletcher Webster retained—The Correspondent commendeth the President, &c. &c.*

BOSTON, March 21, 1853.

SINCE I wrote to you last, the Elections for members of the Constitutional Convention for Amending the Constitution have taken place. In spite of all the efforts of the accidental majority of Whigs, which has happened to get possession of our State House, to bother the majority and to leave the contest of the Convention in their hands, the majority have made up their minds to have it all their own way. The law requiring the secresy of the ballot was repealed for the nonce, in hopes that the capitalists would regain that power over their operatives which the envelope system had inconvenienced. But, in spite of this, even Lowell and other manufacturing towns chose anti-Whigs, as if to show that they were not afraid. The defeat of the Whigs was most complete. With their usual sanguine blindness, they believed to the last that they were going to be triumphant, and the *Atlas* is said to have secured the monopoly of the Telegraph wires, so that it might have the exclusive privilege of disseminating the news of the great Whig victory that impended, and thus had the pleasure of being assured of their own defeat before anybody else! I think the Whigs must be sent to the Hospital for Incurables, for the morbid development of their Hope is terrific. It is impossible that they ever can be discharged cured. Why, I dare say that they believe in State Street that they are going to make Mr. Everett or Mr. Lawrence President of the United States, next time. No kind of treatment, no quantity of alteratives or of medicaments, however bitter, seem to have any effect on their determination of blood to the head. Not all the bleeding which they underwent at the hands of the late lamented Webster, who is said to have merited the title formerly applied to the great Sydenham, of "an eminent leech," has mitigated this dangerous plethora. And this, although he applied his lancet to the very most sensitive and best charged of the vessels containing their circulations.

And, *apropos* of Mr. Webster, was it not a curious coincidence that Mr. Charles Sumner should have been chosen to represent Marshfield, by a vote of almost two to one, and that on the Anniversary of the Seventh of March Speech! And what gave double point to the fact was, that it was against Mr. Fletcher Webster, as the rival candidate, that this election was had! Another proof of the fatuous blindness of the Whigs. They really supposed that the name of Daniel Webster, even from his tomb, would be of force enough to send Mr. Sumner empty away. They did not know, what everybody knew, outside of the sand banks (or money banks) in which they persist in burying their stupid heads, that there was no man who could carry fewer votes in Mr. Webster's own town than Mr. Webster's son, unless it were Mr. Webster himself. Although the Marshfield people behaved with quiet decency at Mr. Webster's funeral, and even submitted in silence to the lies which were told about their attachment to him, I believe there was no part of the United States where he was so well understood and so generally despised. And they took the first proper opportunity (and a very proper one, too, it seems to me) to give the world assurance of this fact. It was a terrible blow to the poor Boston Whigs. Their faces were almost as blank as on the first arrival of the result of the glorious Twenty-First of June, before they had recovered themselves to the Swearing point. T[illegible] nounced it as an insult to Mr. Webster's memo[illegible] was intended as a deliberate expression of the [illegible]eem his townsmen had for him. One would suppose, to hear them talk, that the Marshfield people were bound, to the end of time, to choose nobody to office whom Mr. Webster would not have approved of, had he been alive. They seem, however, neither to have had the fear of Mr. Webster dead nor of State Street alive before their eyes.

You will understand from this fact that residence was not an essential qualification of membership to the Convention. Any town might elect any man whom they saw fit, whether a resident or not. In this way, most of the prominent Free Soilers and Democrats obtained seats in the Convention, very few of whom could have been chosen in the towns where they lived. This chance the Legislative Whigs also tried to take away from the majority, but without effect. I hope that this element will be incorporated in the New Constitution, and that any town or County may be at liberty to send any man they please to represent them, without regard to residence, excepting that the candidate be a citizen of the State. Thus the ablest men of all parties would have a much better chance of procuring a place in the Legislature. There can scarcely be any danger of any abuses arising from it, as there will always be quite local feeling enough to make these cases exceptional and not universal. It would not be a bad plan for Members of Congress. Why should not Boston elect a man of ability from South Carolina or Georgia to represent her, instead of a mere man of straw, like Mr. Eliot or Mr. Appleton, merely because the Free Soil Exodus had not left the Whig party a man of average ability to represent them, after the retirement of Mr. Winthrop? But even if confined to the State, I am sure that it would work well, Congressionally as well as General Courtically The Whigs have eight or ten men of talent scattered about the State if they had their pick of them, instead of being confined to the refuse left in each particular district. It would make Congress a much more able body, if this change could be introduced, and I make no charge for the suggestion. A statue in the Capitol at Washington might not be an inappropriate reward—but I forbear from any hints which might seem to partake of a personal motive.

The principal object of the Convention is so to arrange the Legislature as to diminish somewhat the now overweening influence of Boston and the other large towns. This it will be proposed to do, I suppose, by dividing the State into separate Senatorial Districts, instead of having each county elect by a General Ticket. Thus the preponderance of a large town in one part of a County will not be allowed to swamp all the rest. And it will put a stop to what may be called "The Sandwiching System," or the custom of slapping one very thin slice of a man (quite invisible to the naked eye) between two corpulent cuts of Whig bread and butter, and compelling the lieges to swallow them all together. Every man will then stand on his own merits, as is the case with your State. As to the changes to be introduced into the popular branch, it will be a more difficult thing to do, as it is hard to change the rooted customs of any people. But it is certainly absurd that one City, as Boston, should send a delegation of forty or fifty members. It is a monstrosity in Government and should be retrenched in some way. Some reformers propose an Elective Judiciary, like that you have in New York. But on this point there is a much wider divergence of opinion, and it is by no means certain that such a change could be effected in the Convention, or, if it could, whether it would be sanctioned by the people. Theoretically, the people are as competent to choose Judges as they are the Governors that now appoint them. But as, practically, the appointing power rests with an unknown and irresponsible cabal of the prevailing party, called a Caucus, many persons doubt whether it is not better that the responsibility of appointing Judges should not be given to a responsible officer, like the Governor, rather than be left with an obscure knot of men whose hand will never be recognised as the doers either of good or evil.

The appointments of President Pierce in these parts are said not to give unqualified satisfaction to the Unterrified Democracy who were awaiting the dispensation of the loaves and fishes. My own satisfaction is so great at the turning out of the Whigs, that I am quite indifferent as to who their successors may be. I must only except the appointment of Mr. Benjamin F. Hallet to the District Attorneyship. It was delicious, indeed, to have the poetical Mr. Lunt sent back to the worship of the Muses; but the morsel was robbed of much of its relish by the substitution in his stead of such a wretch as Hallet. The only comfort is, that he is said to have wanted the Custom-house, as the fatter out of the two. As to the President's appointing Mr. Peaslee, of Concord, Collector, and Mr. Charles G. Green, Naval Officer, they touch me not. I confirm all the Boston appointments, except Mr. Hallet's. That, I hope, the President will reconsider. Mr. Peaslee voted for the Fugitive Slave Law in Congress, which, certainly, should entitle him to the respect and confidence of the Webster-Whigs. I like, myself, this way of treating Boston like a conquered town and sending down a Satrap from New Hampshire to predominate in the chief Government office. It serves her right. Neither Whigs nor Democrats are entitled to any consideration from the President, because they did not carry the State for him. Only, the Webster-Whigs and they are rewarded by Mr. Fletcher Webster being allowed to retain his comfortable office of Surveyor. The provision which his Father's friends refused to make for him, Mr. Pierce has furnished, in consideration of his services to him. There is, surely, some gratitude left in Republics.—D. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR THE BAZAAR.

MR. GAY: Please insert the following in the next *Standard*, received too late for insertion in the Bazaar Report. A. W. W.

Subscriptions received in Edinburgh, Scotland, for the Boston A. S Bazaar, and there expended for that object.

Christine Scott,	£1 0 0
Edward Richardson,	1 0 0
Priscilla McLaren,	1 0 0
Margaret Lowe,	0 5 0
Mary Howson,	0 10 0
Mary Warsdel, Crewe, Cheshire,	0 5 0
Elizabeth Abbott, Bolton, England,	0 0 0
Inmates of Men's Blind Asylum, Edinburgh,	2 0 0
William Carson, Liverpool,	2 0 0
Margaret Carson, "	0 10 0
Elizabeth Gildart, "	0 10 0
J. and W. Gray, Edinburgh,	0 12 6
John Gray, Craigie,	0 10 0
Miss Patterson, Edinburgh, Terrace,	0 5 0
Mrs. Buchanan,	0 5 0
Mrs. C. Terrot, 19 Northumberland stree.,	0 10 0
Mrs. G. Johnston,	0 10 0
Mrs. Roe,	0 4 6
Isabella Scott, College street,	1 0 0

Miscellaneous News.

A WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—It is suggested that a World's Temperance Convention be held in this city at some time during the approaching World's Fair—say in August next.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The delegates just chosen to the Constitutional Convention of Mass., are politically classified as follows:

Whigs	149	Democrats	135
Free Democrats	90	Coalition	34
No choice	18.		

CALORIC ENGINE FOR THE NAVY.—Capt. Ericsson has made a contract with the Navy Department, to construct for the Government a model Caloric Engine of sixty horse power—such an engine as Capt. E. proposes to apply to a screw frigate. This engine is to be made forthwith and sent to Washington to be put up in the Navy Yard before the next meeting of Congress.

AUTOGRAPHS OF HENRY CLAY.—Applications being continually made to the family of the late Henry Clay for autographs and other mementoes of the illustrious dead, the Lexington *Observer* has been requested to say that all such articles as they can part with have been disposed of. The number supplied has been so large as to leave the family only such memorials as they wish to preserve.

We understand that the American Colonisation Society is in possession of some blank certificates of life membership signed by Mr. Clay, as President of the Society, a few months previous to his death. And we are authorized to say that one of these certificates, with the donor's name inserted, and attested by the Secretary of the Society, will be forwarded by mail to any person who will send to the Secretary, Rev. W. McLain, thirty dollars, the amount required by the constitution of the Society to constitute a life member.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE *Massillon News* tells a story of a queer transaction which occurred at Ashland, Ohio, on the 1st instant. The citizens had been petitioning the council for the enactment of an ordinance to prohibit the sale of liquor, and on Monday, 28th ult., the Council defeated the measure. On Tuesday evening, some thirty of the most respectable ladies in the place, supported by a few gentlemen, assembled, and after organizing, marched to the grocery kept by one Anthony Jacobs, and requested him to discontinue the sale of liquor, and the use of a "bagatelle" board which they claimed was ruining the youth and enticing some of the married men from their business. Upon his refusal, the ladies chopped the "bagatelle" table into pieces, and poured out his stock of liquors. Reassuming their line of march, they next visited a tavern and another grocery, both of which surrendered. They next charged upon "*Mother* Younker's" who, armed with a poker, resisted vigorously their assault, but overpowered by numbers, was forced to submit, and witness the destruction of her whole stock of liquors. Every rum hole in the place was visited in this manner, and the result is that not a drop of liquor is now sold in Ashland. All honour to the noble women of Ashland. The ladies of Massillon have a good example set them, in the conduct of the ladies of Ashland. Who knows what may be the result.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.—During the late trial of Archibald, Seaman, and Walter Barnes, on a charge of Burglary, in the Lorain County Common Pleas, the existence of a Secret Society was disclosed, the designs and tendency of which one or two extracts from its preamble and constitution will sufficiently explain. In the first pledge, the member binds himself to secresy under a pledge of his "goods and chattels, lands and tenements, and his *life* and *body*." The preamble recites that "Whereas, all Governments are instituted and controlled for the *sole purpose* to aid the learned against the unlearned, the strong against the weak," &c. Pledge the second, contains the following clause: "I pledge further that I will *disregard* all State or National Law that has a tendency or will even permit the designing knave to rob the honest, or unsuspecting, and as my influence shall be against the wealth of the aristocrat, so it shall be in favour of the labouring poor." A pamphlet copy of the constitution of this diabolical confederation was taken from the pocket of one of the defendants, after he had broken jail and been recaptured.

This communion of plunderers the germ of which was thus brought to light in Lorain county, was to have branches in every State of the Union. It is said that a gentleman who has been a representative in the Ohio Legislature was at the head of the band in this State.—*Sandusky (O.) Register.*

"JOHN BROWN'S TRACT.—The Albany *Evening Journal* has an article, in connection with the "Racket River Improvement," in relation to the wilderness of Northern New York. It observes that the most desolate, deserted wilderness west of the Rocky Mountains, has had its locality in Northern New York. "John Brown's Tract" has been the synonyme of everything dreary in hills, forests, rocks and morass. Until very recently, no one has deemed it worth while to even propose measures for its improvement; and it has remained undisturbed in its primeval silence, except by the occasional tread of some hardy hunter, who has penetrated its wilds to capture the rare game and fish with which its lakes and woods abound.

Three years ago, however, moved by a desire to do something for the development of the commercial resources of the wilderness region lying on the borders of the Racket River and Lake, and lakes and rivers adjacent thereto, the Legislature appropriated $10,000 to improve the two former, with a view to render them available for lumbering purposes.

A settlement has sprung up on the borders of Whitney Lake, in the town of Pomeroy; and one hundred men have been for two years employed in getting out logs to float down the river, upon which the bounty of the State has been expended. No less than 40,000 pine logs have been cut, and 25,000 have been put into the stream at a point 65 miles from Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co.—a quantity sufficient to make twenty-five million feet of lumber.

This is most certainly a rich return for so small an outlay, particularly when it can be added, that, as the result of this improvement, 15 lots of land have been sold by the State to actual settlers, one saw mill erected, and preparations made for a formal organization of the town in the Spring.

To render the improvement effectual, however, and to open additional territory upon the large streams which flow through this wilderness region, $10,000 more is asked.

POOR BARNBURNERS!—After the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, in 1849, the *Evening Post* (then nominally a Free Soil journal) did us the honour of a very bitter attack because, in its opinion, we did not come out boldly enough against the alleged pro-Slavery policy of that honest and manly President. And in order to justify this attack, and to justify attacking his Administration still more bitterly, the *Post* did not scruple to falsify the facts and to calumniate the motives which guided and marked his official career. He was not enough of a Free Soiler, and the *Tribune* was not enough of a Free Soiler to meet the views of this Free Soil organ *par excellence*, this organ not only of Free Soil, but also of free men and *free speech*.

But now the scene is changed. The *Post* has laboured successfully to elect a President of its own colour—a man after its own heart. He has entered upon his office, and his first act is to declare himself through and through a pro-Slavery man. He tells the world he has from the first been in favour of that Compromise which the *Post*, until within a few months, affected to decry and denounce. He loves the Fugitive Slave Law, and solemnly believes in the divinity of slave-catching as in a genuine dispensation of Providence. He looks back with horror upon the pretended danger to the Union which the *Post* always mocked at and ridiculed as it deserved. What does our model Democratic Free Soiler say to this? What denunciations does he launch against this recreant Democrat? None at all. He is as quiet as a mouse whose bread and cheese are endangered. The thunders of the *Post* are silent, emasculated, extinguished. The right of *free speech* is obliterated from his creed.

"Alas, poor Yorick! Where be your gibes now? your gambols! your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen?"

—Alas for the Barnburners and their poor dumb *Post!* No shaky-hearted whitewood post can be durable. What shall be said of the Democracy and the free speech of a journal that *dares not* tell the truth of a President when he is in the wrong? Will it grow much in the public respect and confidence?—*Tribune.*

THE SUPPOSED SLAVER AT NORFOLK—EXAMINATION OF THE CAPTAIN.—*U. S. Commissioner's Court.*—Wm. Hincle, captain of the schooner Rachael P. Brown, was examined on Tuesday, before J. T. Francis, Esq., U. S. Commissioner, on the charge of being concerned in the slave trade on the coast of Africa. From the evidence of William Rilley, mate of the schooner, we get the following particulars: He shipped in New York, on the 7th of December last, for a voyage to the west coast of Africa. In due season he went on board, where he found most of the cargo already stowed, and a shipkeeper and stevedore receiving and stowing the balance. When the cargo was all on board, the schooner was dropped down off the Battery, he being then in charge. Here, and while the captain was ashore, five passengers came on board—three Spaniards, one Portuguese, and a negro, who acted in the capacity of a servant. The captain, however, soon came on board, and they proceeded to sea. Soon after getting out he discovered the passengers and the captain in frequent conversation in the Spanish language, which he did not understand; he also discovered that they exercised considerable influence over the captain, giving him directions about working the vessel, &c.; this he was enabled to understand by their gestures and movements; and one of the men, who could understand the language, heard one of the passengers cautioning the others about speaking in presence of the crew. This, with other movements, aroused his suspicions that all was not right, and that the vessel was bound on an unlawful voyage. One of the passengers, he was told by the negro, was an old sea captain. He (the mate) was never consulted about the working of the vessel, as had been done while serving as mate on board of other vessels; and, altogether, he thought the conduct of the captain and passengers exceedingly suspicious.

From the evidence of Lieut. Sinclair and Midshipman Harrison, we get the following additional items: On the 20th of January, while Lieut. Sinclair and captain Nicholas were walking the poop of the Germantown, then at anchor in Port Praya, the schooner R. P. Brown hove in sight; after standing in for the harbour, she kept off and run out again. This manœuvre excited the suspicions of Captain N. She soon, however, hauled her wind, came into the harbour, and anchored. She then being in a Portuguese port was under their authority, and, of course, they (the American officers) could do nothing. The authorities on shore not liking the appearance of the schooner, communicated their suspicions to Capt. Nicholas, with the request that they would examine into the matter. Accordingly, a commission was sent on board, consisting of officers of the United States Navy. In the course of their examination they found a large quantity of rice, and other provisions; planks and scantling sufficient to make a slave deck; bricks and lime sufficient for a furnace, such as are generally used by slavers; two galleys, a large quantity of powder, fire-arms, &c.; rum, empty demijohns, buckets, &c.; a portion of an American naval officer's uniform; bunting sufficient and suitable for a Spanish flag; a large amount of money, and the papers of the vessel. From the register of the vessel it appeared that she had been mortgaged to one Don Jose Percenas, or Perez, who proved to be one of the passengers, and a consignee of part of the cargo; his name was found in letters and other papers, di-

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Miscellaneous Department.

MY SHADOWY PASSION.

I AM stating nothing but a simple truth, when I declare that, without any previous acquaintance with its owner, I fell in love with a shadow. Who that has seen Mademoiselle Cerito, in the beautiful vision of "Ondine," dancing in simulated moonlight, has not felt that if some capricious power had made the dancer invisible and left the shadow, he might easily have fallen in love with the graceful, flitting shade upon the ground? But mine was simply a shadow on a blind. To worship a symbol, without any correct idea of the attributes of that which it symbolizes, is idolatry; and into this idolatry I fell. I knew my danger. If disappointed, I should not be able to console myself by saying, "Ah, well! it was of Julia or Louisa that I was thinking after all." I had begun with a shadow; and let the substance turn out what it might, I must be content.

I admit that it was my own fault. While those who fall in love with a substance, do so unsuspectingly—entrapped by over confidence in themselves, or led into it, like Benedict, by the schemes of others—I deliberately resolved to cultivate my passion in the teeth of much discouragement. "Surely," I thought (or something else within me thought without deigning, till long afterwards, to apprise me of its conclusions), "in loving a shadow, all else must be shadowy, even to the common dangers of love." An argument of which I might have found a hundred analogies to demonstrate the fallacy. But my mind was obstinately made up. I sat at the window of my solitary room, as soon as the oil-lamps hung across the narrow straggling street were lighted, and watched the window nearly opposite—sitting in the dark that I might not be observed. There was the shadow to be seen every evening, and just above it, the complete outline of a sleeping bird in a cage, hanging by a cord. Whether this object, whose form I watched so intently, was old or young, ugly or pretty, sour or good-tempered, I did not know. I saw only that it was a woman, and that it did not wear spectacles. My feeling for some time might have been one of mere curiosity; for never in the day-time, when the blind was up, could I see there the slightest trace of woman or birdcage. Soon after dusk the curtain would drop suddenly, the light came, and there was the bird and my shadow, working or sometimes (as I fancied) reading. At first I thought that I could smoke very well in the dark, and that I would sit and watch from sheer lack of a more definite purpose. My first intimation that curiosity was changing into love, was my readiness to construe all indications to the advantage of the shadow. Blind to its defects—as when men are enamoured of a substance—I persisted, when the outline was altered from some cause, in believing that the very fairest form that it ever assumed was its true one—an unreasonable belief; since, according to the position of the light, the ugliest features may be made to show well in shadow—while the prettiest may become hideously distorted. But who but a man wilfully blinded would not have felt serious doubts when that face—sometimes of ordinary dimensions—became ridiculously elongated, when that bosom suddenly grew to matronly breadth; when a nose would sometimes flatten like a negro's, and again grow out to unusual length—only once in a whole evening becoming an ordinary nose—at which time alone I caprieiously believed that she was standing with mathematical exactness between the lamp and the blind. To see (when I indulgently supposed that she had taken the lamp in her hand, and stooped to pick up something) her form suddenly shoot up, till I could not see her head, and she stood there, looking like a decapitated giraffe; and sometimes to behold her, from some cause, as suddenly crushed down into a dowdy likeness of a caravan dwarf—was enough to provoke the laugh that is fatal to a wavering passion. But no; I might have been impatient at these distortions, but I was too far advanced for laughing.

I forgot to mention that the narrow, straggling street, of which I have spoken, was the Rue d'Aimette, in the City of Rouen—since pulled down for the approaches to the great square of St. Ouen, and rebuilt with houses very different from those old, overhanging, low-doored, and small-windowed tenements of beams and stone-grey plaster, in which we lived. I was a stranger, without a friend in Rouen. Mr. Guindé, the celebrated historian (whose acquaintance I had made in Paris), had employed me to decypher ancient English and French manuscripts, in the library of Notre Dame, for his use in writing his well-known History of the Parliament of Normandy; a labour that occupied me many months. And thus my days were spent in straining my eyes over yellow parchments, and my evenings in watching the shadow on the blind.

I had felt lonely—very lonely: perhaps this contributed to my interest in the shadow. It was winter time, and my labours in the library ceasing at dusk, my evenings were proportionately long. One afternoon, a fog, of the old familiar colour of the parchments I had been pouring over, came creeping up from the river, till I could not distinguish the opposite walls. That night, I betook myself gloomily to read beside a miserable fire. The next night was foggy again. No Platonism could be more abstract and self-sufficing than my passion; but if I were to be denied the very lightest food that ever love was nourished on, I felt that it must be starved into action. Therefore, the next afternoon, meeting the fog creeping up the street again a little after sunset, I went directly over to the porter's lodge of the house opposite; and, having remarked to the porter (whom I knew slightly) that it was very foggy, asked him who lived on the second floor on that side of the house.

The porter glanced at the hooks for hanging the lodgers' keys within the lodge, and answered, "M. La Roche."

"What is his business?"

"I never knew. I am not curious."

Now, it is a general maxim, that when the porter of a large house in France does not know the business of any one of the lodgers, that lodger must be engaged in concerns of a secret and extraordinary nature. This fact, therefore, I noted.

"Has he a wife?" I asked nervously

"No; only a sister."

"Indeed! I never saw either him or his sister."

"Very likely; he seldom goes out except at night; and the young lady scarcely ever, unless she walks in the garden behind the house."

"And his name, you say, is——"

"Hush!" said the porter, suddenly turning towards the door. I turned also, and saw there a tall man, with a stoop in the shoulders, long dark hair, and a face with such hideous features and such a repulsive expression, that I could scarcely refrain from uttering some exclamation.

"Any letters for me, M. Grégoire?" asked the stranger.

"None, sir," replied the porter; and, to my great relief, the hideous countenance disappeared.

"That was M. La Roche," said the porter, when he was gone.

"Indeed! is his sister then——" I was about to add "like him," but could not make up my mind to put a question so important: so I merely said, "older or younger than he?"

"Younger. But if you should——"

"What?"

"If you should wish——"

Without in the slightest degree divining the drift of his question, I interrupted him by saying, "Oh no! not at all; I'm much obliged to you," and hastened out.

Shall I call it a proof of my infatuation; or shall I regard it (as I did then) as an indication of the high and ethereal nature of my sentiment, that I shrunk, thus instinctively, from a personal knowledge of the owner of my shadow? I am inclined to take credit for it. The event of all this (as you are aware, if you are a philosopher) enters not into this question. I have a right, in defending my conduct at that time, to take my stand where I stood at that time. I might (some would say) at once have questioned the porter, and thus, perhaps, have saved myself the folly of wasting my time night after night. But I was not wasting my time. The emotional part of my nature, and the divinest faculty of imagination, must be nourished, if I am to become in all parts well proportioned; and for these, illusions are an excellent food. If the contemplation of a mere shadow will serve to lift me, and keep me for many days above the smake and air of this dim spot, then, although I may suddenly drop down to earth again, I shall carry with me the benefit of that pure atmosphere that I have breathed; the quality of the spirit will be improved, which I take to be the aim of all education.

After this defence, I trust that no one will think contemptuously of me when I relate that, on the following afternoon, my old enemy, the fog, having missed his way, and wandered (as I heard afterwards) about the marshes behind the Faubourg d'Eauplet, I planted myself again at the window, and watched as before. But this time the bird-cage was there with the bird (still standing upon one leg, and with his head sunk into his neck, motionless on his perch), but my shadow was not. Afterwards, horrible substitute! the gigantic brother must have walked across the room towards the window; for I saw the shape of his hideous head appear at the top of the blind, and slowly sink (like the ghost of Banquo); till the whole dreadful specire vanished. When, after an hour's watching, I saw at last my shadow approaching; saw it set a box (I think) on the table; saw it place a chair or something like it, beside; saw it stand a moment before sitting down, and, with arms upturned, arrange its back hair, and fix it again with a comb—did I have no misgivings? No thoughts of the possibility of a family likeness? I did; but I deliberately refused to entertain them, and inhospitably drove them out as soon as they presented themselves.

But one day fate willed that (unlike the dog in the fable) I should drop my shadow for a substance. I was in the cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, listening to the chaunting of the singers hidden in the choir, when suddenly catching the dull sound of the closing of the baize-covered door behind me, I looked round involuntarily, and saw such a pretty face, that I secretly felt it (in spite of my philosophy) to be worth all the shadows in the world. I will not describe it; first, because those romancists who delight to catalogue each separate item of beauty, with all the minuteness of a slave merchant haggling with the Sultan's eunuch, have never yet been able to present to my imagination the total of a human face; and next, because to describe it in detail would give a false impression of that sudden glance in which, without taking account of the character of her nose, or the colour of her eyes, I saw that she was beautiful. Into the poor-box I saw her drop a coin, and, let the truth be told, without any apparent desire to conceal her charity from the world. Then she passed on; and taking one of the straw chairs in the middle of the nave, and balancing it on two legs—as is customary in French churches—leaned over the back of it, and in that devout posture began (as I charitably hoped) to say her prayers. And now, as I sat behind her, a symmetrical figure, dressed in black, a lace veil, flung back, as well as a pair of chocolate-coloured boots became deeply interesting. "The tyranny of material forms," as a German philosopher would say, "was re-established." How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light, a nothing, owing its existence (if it could be called an existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, prevail against these attractions, which, in a bar of wintry sun-light, falling through the high arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased tenfold.

The attendant was lighting the candles, when she rose to go away, passing me again so closely that she brushed my foot with her dress, and by that wondrous touch rendered me entirely deaf to the singing in the choir. When the baize-covered door slammed to again, and the singing in the choir broke out afresh, the hymn that they were chaunting was such a worthless, old-fashioned, backneied tune, sung with such preposterous energy and noise, that it was intolerable. Had not my thoughts been occupied with the chocolate boots, I had assuredly not endured it so long. "How jarring," thought I, as I walked on tip-toe towards the baize-covered door, "is this tasteless music; in a church more rich in workmanship than the bridal lace veil of a queen."

O daughters of the early world, whose ears and fingers yielded gold enough to make a monstrous idol! not less than you the Norman woman worships gauds and trinkets. As I came out from the cathedral porch, behold, I saw a pair of chocolate boots standing quite still in the light from a shop front—the very first of a row of jewellers' windows, all glittering, shameless, in the Sabbath afternoon. It was but for a moment, but the pang that it caused me was the first penalty I paid for my interest in a substance. When the chocolate-coloured boots walked away, I walked away too; and, as it happened by the same street. I was not following them. I merely took the way to my home; but, through street after street, the owner of the boots kept still before me, till she turned at last into the Rue D'Aimette. Drawing nearer to the house where I had so often seen the shadow on the blind, a hope that hardly dared declare itself made my heart throb like wine poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. Only a few yards from the door she looked back for a moment and hesitated. Perhaps she thought that some one had followed her. A child watching a spinning teetotum dying out upon the line that separates a prize from a blank, knows something of the anxiety that I felt at that moment. But I was soon relieved. I saw her distinctly enter the very house, and in spite of all doubts which (considering the great number of families always living in a large house in France) I might reasonably have cherished still, I decided at once that this was the identical substance of the shadow I had worshipped.

With what anxiety did I watch the blind that night! fancying how, it by some transmigration I could become that bird, I would pretend to be asleep like him, and sometimes hear her talking secrets to herself, or humming tunes, or laughing suddenly at some recollection, and many other notions of the kind, none of which had ever come into my head till I fell away from the wiser form of shadow worship. But that time I think she sat behind the light, for I saw nothing but the birdcage, and I went to bed in an ill-humour, having said bitter things against my landlady, because my candle, being loosely set up, fell out of its socket as I walked with it across the room.

Having now, as I believed, seen the original of the shadow—my passion began to ripen fast. No more fogs compelled me to visit the porter again; for which reason I determined to visit him without compulsion, and renew our coversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Grégoire."

"Good morning, sir."

"You were saying, 'that if I should wish——'"

"Yes; I remember. To see a really pretty girl, you should go to the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon"—

"I know," I interrupted. "A young lady of common height, black hair and eyes, small nose, clear skin, black shawl and dress, and a pair of chocolate boots."

"And wears a bonnet," he added; the latter article being extremely rare in Rouen at that time, and generally considered as a mark of great gentility.

"M. Grégoire," I said, "a place where I may see so beautiful a face, any Sunday afternoon, is worth knowing. It is no fault of yours that I accidentally discovered this before you had an opportunity of completing your information. I am not so mean as to take advantage of this fact. Do me the favour—if you are a loyal man—of accepting a portrait of his majesty King Louis Philippe."

Mr. Grégoire took a bright five-franc piece that I gave him; and, gently remonstrating, deposited it in a greasy leathern bag, which he drew from somewhere under his blouse; while I, having laid this foundation of our friendship, and judging it well to pretend to have at present no other feeling than curiosity towards the owner of the chocolate boots, said, "Ah, well! Beauty does not interest me. A mere shadow has been hitherto the object of my gallantry. I think I can dispense with anything more substantial at present."

This must have been quite unintelligible to Mr. Grégoire, but he was a quiet man, and "*nil admirari*" (though he did not know how to say it in Latin) was his motto. This was all that passed between us at this interview.

For six days I saw the shadow on the blind; on the seventh I met the substance in the Cathedral; which seemed to me now like a very great deal of dry bread to a very small quantity of sack. On the eighth day I entered the porter's lodge again, with a nosegay, and a letter, and another five-franc piece.

"Monsieur Grégoire," I said, with a little hesitation, "if you would do me the favour to give this note, and these flowers privately into the hands of the lady they are addressed to."

"Mademoiselle La Roche!" he exclaimed, with apparent surprise, the superscription catching his eye.

"I have known her long," I said, thinking to relieve him of responsibility in having previously given me information about her: "that is to say, her shadow."

"Her shadow?" said the porter, looking puzzled.

"Yes. Her window, you know, is opposite mine."

"It is."

"On the blind of that window, long before I knew Mademoiselle La Roche, I used to see and take an interest in her shadow. So, you see, although you first gave me her name, and told me that that ugly fellow was her brother, our acquaintance is not your fault."

"Englishman are so eccentric," said the porter.

I felt tempted to unfold to him a little of my theory of shadow worship, but recollecting the fate of the whimsical author of A Journey round my Room, who, having begun to explain philosophically a simple question from his man-servant, stopped short on perceiving that his pains were thrown away, and was thence triumphantly supposed to have been posed by the latter, I determined rather to submit to be considered eccentric.

"I may depend on you," I said.

"My word of honour," replied Mr. Grégoire, with the grace and dignity of a crowned king. My candle might have fallen out of its socket many times that night, before I could have found it in my heart to say a bitter thing against my landlady. I had seen my shadow again, and the bird-cage, and—what was more important than all that night—I had also seen the shadow of a nosegay in a vase, placed between the light and the window, according to a request in my letter. Three days after—I know not by what means—I received a note.

"Sir—Your whimsical description of your interest in my shadow has amused me so much, that I have tried to persuade myself that there can be no harm in receiving from a stranger so pure and graceful a present as a few flowers. I placed them near the window last night, as you requested. You say you have seen me lately. I entreat you to avoid meeting me at present. You who have so long shown yourself capable of silence must promise me to remain strictly faithful to my shadow for—say six months. By-and-by you shall know the reason of all this. Meanwhile, if you obey me, it will be a strong proof of your sincerity. But, above all, do not make the porter of the house in which I live your confidant in this matter. Address me, in future, at my friend Mademoiselle Polart's, Rue Robec, No. 8. My brother has already seen you in the 'loge,' and he is very supicious.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

"Six months!" I repeated, as I finished the reading of this letter. "Would that I had to toil seven years, as Jacob toiled for Rachel; that you might see the strength and endurance of my love. I read it a dozen times, and wondered if a Frenchman, who had been familiar with the words from childhood, could see more meaning in them than I did. I analyzed even the subscription—the heartless French form of "assurance of esteem and distinguished consideration," which I have not thought it worth while to transcribe, and found a meaning in every word. But that constant craving, which distinguished my new sentiment from its original form, began to trouble me. A shadow every day, with the occasional feast of a letter, seemed to me a very spare diet for a strong, hearty, growing passion like mine. The love of Jacob for Rachel, I felt, must have been of a very cool, business-like character, and not at all to be compared with mine. "I must have been a fool," thought I, "to think of pleasing a Frenchwoman, by being ready to wait for her any length of time." Before I went to bed that night I had despatched another letter to the address she had indicated. This was her reply:

"Sir—I assure you that your idea of my brother's character is quite a mistake. He is no tyrant. If I condemn myself, at present, to almost total seclusion, it is because I feel it to be necessary for his sake. I may confide to you the fact, that his present occupation is such that we cannot admit strangers here—not even a servant. Judge, then, how necessary to him is the presence of one upon whose prudence he knows he can depend. Adieu. Be discreet and patient.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

Here was a tantalising mystery, indeed! Her brother's occupation required a beautiful and accomplished girl to shut herself up (except going to church once a week) for six months, never so much as showing her face at the window, save when the blind was down at night. What honest business could explain that? Was that monster—as far removed from her in mind as in body—persuading an inexperienced girl to aid him in some dishonourable pursuits; bringing her, perhaps, to ruin with him? Was he a midnight robber or assassin? I thought of his herculean form, and of some mysterious murders lately committed in the streets of the city, and pictured him stealing up the dark staircase at night—like Cardillac the jeweller—fresh from some horrible deed. This must be it: unless he was a coiner. Yes; he might be a coiner; he *was* a coiner; I had no doubt of it. Till, lying in bed awake, it struck me that he was, perhaps, a political conspirator. This would account for the desire for privacy. He had papers about. He was making an infernal machine. It would not do for his sister to expose her beauty to the world, and attract strangers to watch about there. Otherwise, what was there particularly dangerous in my being in the porter's lodge? This milder hypothesis seemed to me a sudden inspiration. "She is in hourly danger," I said, "Dark plots are forming around her; barrels of gunpowder are under her bed. Her brother, with horrible imprecations, forbids her to pry into their contents. She sees a dreadful machine with rows of iron barrels, and is told to ask no questions. Her brother mysteriously implores her to keep at home, and, like a noble, self-sacrificing creature, she renounces all for him."

My suspicions became more and more painful; but I did not dare to hint them to her. In spite of her injunction, I watched in the cathedral unobserved, and saw her again, dressed exactly as before. I thought she looked paler, and her face haunted me. The next night, I watched till I saw the door of the porter's lodge open, and I glided in and crept up the stairs. I thought, if I could listen at the door a moment, and perhaps hear her voice, which I had never heard yet, it would be a relief. There was a lamp on the staircase, but it was nearly burnt out, and I groped my way up in the dark. I listened at her door, but could hear nothing. A light came through the keyhole, and a curiosity—which was perhaps my secret motive in coming there—prompted me to look through. But I was disappointed. I could see no one, nor anything more suspicious than a fireplace and a picture on the wall.

I was turning my eye from side to side, to get as wide a range of sight over the room as possible, and was wholly absorbed in my expectation of seeing something remarkable, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by both arms from behind.

"I know you," said a voice, "though we are in the dark. I am tempted to throw you headlong down the well of the staircase."

"Let go," I said, struggling.

"Scoundrel! spy!" he exclaimed

"Let go!" I repeated, still striving in his terrible gripe, "and I will explain my conduct frankly."

"I know your purpose, he replied, giving me a sudden swing round that hurled me against the opposite wall, and taking my place at the door. "I suspected you the first time I saw you. You have been prying here before."

Scarcely waiting to hear his last words, I felt so exasperated with his violence, that I rushed at him, and struck him several times with my fist. Immediately after, the blows of a stick began to fall upon my back and shoulders, like the strokes of two blacksmiths beating at the same piece of iron on an anvil. Warding off the blows with my arm, I rushed at him again; but a second time he hurled me against the wall, and suddenly opening the door, he entered and closed it in my face, turning the key.

My position was embarrassing. To batter the door would have been as ridiculous as to have been caught listening there. I resolved to retreat, and meditate some scheme for vengeance at leisure. I walked about the streets for some time, and thought of the stanzas in Corneille's tragedy, in which the Cid describes the conflict of love and honour, when called upon to avenge the insults of Don Gomez. From this, it will be supposed that my bruises were not of a serious character: but my humiliation was great. I would have given an Aldine copy of Erasmus, with the signature of Montaigne upon the title page (if I had possessed a copy of Erasmus with that valuable addition), to have known whether his sister was in her room during our fracas. I passed by the window and saw a light there, but no shadow. I determined to go home, and write a long letter, in which I hinted my suspicions of her danger, and entreated her to confide all to me.

Her reply was longer coming this time. Meanwhile the horrible brother haunted me; I compared him to that furious and unreasonable genii, who would hear no explanation from the unfortunate merchant, who, peacefully eating his meal by the wayside, and flinging his date stones over his shoulder, had unintentionally knocked out his miserable one eye. There was cunning, malignity, and injustice, and even a consciousness of supernatural power, all to be discerned in that hideous countenance that I had never forgotten since the moment when it suddenly appeared, set in the frame of the porter's doorway. I knew he had not walked up the stairs when he found me at the door: I must have heard him if he had. He was probably at a few thousand of leagues distance, engaged in some nefarious business; when knowing by some means that I was looking through his key-hole, he vanished, and in a moment reappeared behind me on the landing. This might naturally have led me to suspect that his sister was some wrinkled old hag, whom his magic art made beautiful, in whatever eyes he pleased; but it did not. And, herein, I cannot blame myself, consistently with my philosophy of illusions. For I hold that Titania was blessed even in her love for Bottom, the weaver, and was not at all to be pitied until the spell was broken.

This was the third letter that I received from Miss La Roche:

"Sir,—I am much grieved that you should have suffered from my brother's violence on my account. How could you be so mad as to enter the house, after I had told you the danger? My brother is very unreasonable, but you must be patient with him, and forgive him, as I do, for my sake. I will explain to you everything—as I might have done at first, if I had foreseen this misfortune. My brother, I assure you again, bears no resemblance to the monster which your imagination has pictured him. His personal defects, I am sure, do not prejudice you against him; and his slight failings, in other respects, I think you will forgive when you know him better. Listen, then, to the simple explanation of the mystery which has so troubled you. Five years ago, my brother was a chymist; he served the dyers with ingredients for dyeing. One day he heard that Jacob Garcia, a Spaniard, had discovered a new scarlet of more brilliancy than had hitherto been known, and that he had sold his secret for a million of francs. My brother's mind was captivated, and he began to experimentalize for further improvements. The pursuit became a passion; he gave up his business and came to Rouen—our native city—to continue his experiments in secret. Drawing near (as he assured me) to the attainment of his object, he is become, after five years' research, more and more anxious lest his secret should be stolen from him. For this reason he never allows any stranger to enter here. His apparatus and materials are always exposed, and the slightest trace, he imagines, might afford a clue to his mystery. I have told him that he exaggerates the danger, but his anxiety only increases. It has become almost a mania; and his eccentric and irritable nature, I feel, will not be improved until his labours are ended.

"This, sir, is why I entreat you, at present, to be contented with my shadow.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

Here was a reasonable explanation. Why, of course, I might have guessed all this, but for an unfortunate propensity to imagine marvels. How could I sufficiently apologise to this noble, disinterested girl, for my absurd suspicions? Her gentle and gentle tone, her devotedness to her brother, her compassion for failings—that highest grace of a thoughtful mind—made me ashamed of my own weakness. I wrote to her again promising to wait patiently, and excusing my folly on the plea of my anxiety for her welfare; and assuring her that since her explanation, I felt the highest respect and esteem for her brother. I confess, however, that my antipathy for him was not diminished, and that if I happened to go out late, I had no desire whatever to meet him in our lonely street.

My labours in the library were now ended, and nothing but my shadowy correspondent retained me in Rouen. One Sunday I resolved again to watch for her in the Cathedral, concealing myself as before. She came as usual, and wore chocolate boots again. Standing behind a pillar, I saw her once more go out by the baize-covered door. When I thought that she had time enough to disappear, I went out also. But, as I stood in the porch again, I saw her to my astonishment, standing with a stranger, talking, in the very centre of the marketplace! Could it be possible that this story of her brother's pursuits was but an ingenious fiction intended to deceive me, and prevent me for some purpose discovering that she had another lover? I could not believe that. It must be some relative. She had said that they were natives of Rouen; they had of course connections in the city.

She took his arm, and they walked away together, while I followed them at a distance, determined to note any further indications of the nature of their acquaintance. Keeping close in the shadow of the houses, in a narrow lane, I saw the stranger place his arm round her waist, which she suffered without resisting, and they walked on thus till they came to the street in which she lived. There they stopped, as if deeming it imprudent to go further together, and stood again talking for some time at the corner of the lane. At last I saw them embrace each other, so long and earnestly, that I felt the evidence of her treachery to be complete; and finally they separated, and walked away, in opposite directions, in the same street.

I had never imagined such duplicity. Such a beautiful girl to turn out the cunningest hypocrite I had ever met with! All my old suspicions of her horrible brother were at once revived. I shuddered to think what might have been her real motive in trying to keep my passion alive for six months. Perhaps to give her time to draw one victim into her brother's power, before beginning with me. At any rate, I resolved to overtake her, and tax her at once with her faithlessness, in order to remove all ground for doubts. So I walked after her rapidly till within a few yards of her, when she heard my footsteps and turned round.

"Is that you, Adolphe?" she said, for the overhanging roots made it quite dark upon the pathway.

"No," I answered, coming forward. "It is I—another of your lovers—your shadow-worshipper. You know me."

"There is some mistake, sir," she said, evidently trembling. "The darkness has deceived you."

"No," I answered, "there is some mistake"—for I took her trembling for a sign of guilt. "I am your simple correspondent, to whom you told that pleasant story about the dye. Do you not blush a deeper scarlet than Jacob Garcia ever discovered?"

"I don't know who you mean, sir, by Jacob Garcia," she interrupted.

"Jacob Garcia, the Spaniard, I mean: he who set your fiendish brother's head a-fire, till he gave up the chemistry business, and shut himself up with you, and became very irritable, and could not bear you to look out of the window."

"Indeed, sir," she said, "there is some mistake. I have no brother. I don't understand you. Pray let me go."

"I am not mistaken," I persisted. "You think I have only seen you once; but I have watched you many times in the Cathedral. I have discovered your duplicity, this very night. Miss La Roche," I continued impressively, intending to warn her of the results of such faithlessness——

"No, sir, indeed," she interrupted, "that is not my name. I have heard that name somewhere—I don't know where. My name is Mademoiselle Antoinette: my other name is Duchemin."

"Ay, ay," said I, "you have a lively fancy. You can invent names—whole histories when you please. Serpent, confess, that you know who I am."

"For shame!" she said, beginning to shed tears; "you would not dare to insult me thus, if Adolphe were near. He would kill you on the spot."

"Your tears betray you," I said, with the stern perseverance of Milton's Samson; "I am satisfied. Henceforth——"

But my manner becoming very impressive at this point, she shrank back in alarm; and then, seizing the opportunity, she darted away, and in a moment disappeared through the entrance to her house.

In spite of my philosophical theories, I felt compelled to take the ordinary view of things which, in calmer moments, I should undoubtedly rejected. I was, in short, vexed at having been her dupe, and tempted to rush up again, and provoke her Goliah of a brother to instant combat. I felt that I could have returned from the fight, carrying in my hand his hideous head (with the expression of contemptuous defiance which he began the strife still upon its features), swinging it to and fro, by its long black hair, with very great satisfaction. It would have been sweet to hang his scalp at my girdle. I could have felt great pleasure in drinking beer out of his skull in the Scandinavian paradise; all which ideas passed through my mind while I was crossing the road, and before I had caught sight of my shadow, seated as usual on its shadowy chair. When I saw this, my mind was troubled. She had not had time to mount the stairs and take off her bonnet; I suspected that the brother's magic was again employed to deceive me: but the bare possibility of the porter having made some mistake occurred to me, and I crossed the road again, and entered the lodge.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "did you not tell me that the name of my opposite neighbour is La Roche?"

"Without doubt."

"And that she was to be seen in the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon; that she was of common height; had black hair and eyes; wore chocolate boots; and never appeared without a bonnet?"

"Pardon," replied the porter; "you confound two people. I spoke then of Mademoiselle Antoinette—a very different person."

"But *I* was speaking of Miss La Roche. You told me that was my neighbour's name."

"I did. But, said I, if you wish to see a *really* pretty young woman, look at Mademoiselle Antoinette, or rather I meant to say so when you stopped me."

I was confounded.

"Monsieur is so hasty—so very eccentric," said the porter, following up his advantage. "But you said you knew Mademoiselle La Roche; and it was not for me to say anything against her."

"Against her!" said I. "What is there to be said against her? Speak, I shall not be offended. You may depend upon my secrecy."

"Mademoiselle La Roche is a very good young woman," replied Mr. Grégoire, shrugging his shoulders; "and they say a very sensible young woman."

"But in fact," said I, instinctively interpreting the shrug of his shoulders, "is the very counterpart of her horrible brother. Is it not so?"

"Not *quite* so ugly," said the porter, shrugging his shoulders again.

That shrug was sufficient. I fled precipitately, and the next morning departed for Paris, without even having seen or desiring to see the object of my truly shadowy passion.—*Household Words.*

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain;
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highways,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give *me* the little children,
I'll take them as they're born;
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn.

"Give *me* the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And you judges shall have work,
And you lawyers wag the tongue;
And the jailors and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're *not* the true religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes;
"Nor thou," said another, scowling—
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell;
"You're antichrist and bigot—
You'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity—
"Oh, friends! you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling,
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen;
Quoth they—"We bide our time;"
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth, and Crime;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

(London) Illustrated News.

TURTLEDOM AND PRESTCOTT.

The poet speaks of a charming place
"Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove."

The prosaic name of that particular spot is the Coast of Florida, otherwise *Turtledom*. Florida, everybody knows, is an immense State. It contains any quantity of bullfrogs, rattlesnakes, alligators, waterrats and land-rats to the acre. No part of Turtledom, we believe, is visible to the naked eye. What isn't under water is under the sand. The inhabitants are mostly amphibious, or of the Caspar Hauser sort. A considerable portion of the latter have never been caught. They inhabit the everglades and are called Seminoles. Uncle Sam tried to catch them several years ago, and spent some thirty millions, and nearly ruined the reputation of several military men of distinction in the attempt—the latter being a loss of no small account, military men being the material out of which we have of late, got into the habit of making Presidents and Cabinet Ministers in very large proportions. The free white inhabitants of Florida are to be found, after diligent search on its surface, at the rate of about one to a square mile—hardly more than some of our Northern States can boast of school-houses or churches. But among these free white inhabitants, as among their bull-frogs, are some of the noisiest sort. And the noisiest among the noisiest is ex-Senator, ex-Governor Westcott. This gentleman has run an eventful career, and we hardly know of anything he has not done, or had a hand in, especially in the way of mischief making. If there is anything particularly pert or pungent going through the newspapers in the way of political *diablerie*, it may be pretty safely assumed that Mr. Westcott is at the bottom of it. And for many such things, we imagine few would dispute his right to take out a patent as original *inventor*. He is a sort of political Guy Fawkes with this distinction, that his powder canisters often get touched off. Of Florida, he may say, in the main, from the establishment of her Constitution down to the present time, "all of which I saw and *most* of which I was." Westcott is in fact the turtles head of Florida, and a snapping turtle at that. The arms of Florida should be a Turtle couchant, and a Westcott rampant. Florida without Westcott would be no Florida. So far as we have seen any sign of brains in that quarter Westcott has furnished them. When Westcott was Governor he wrote his own messages, and when Duvall was Governor Westcott wrote Duvall's messages, and when he became Senator, everybody knows, that the fillibustering propensities of his ever-boiling noddle were the constant source of Senatorial convulsions and splurges, until no man in the body was so conspicuous as this eccentric and pugnacious Senator with the *queue*; and no State of half so much prominence as the State of Florida. No man was so zealous about Slavery, none so vigilant in watching, or so keen in scenting dangers to the peculiar institution. But, above all, he was especially conspicuous in looking after the interests of Florida. One little fact shows this in a ludricious light. When the tariff of 1846 was under discussion, Westcott blowed up about it, and refused to support it unless a certain article was protected; and reader, what think you it was? Why nothing less than *turtles*. And, accordingly, turtles went into the tariff, and they are the subjects of protection to this day.

Our late fishing difficulties have developed fishery literature in abundance. We have had Mr. Sabine most elaborately on the subject, and as we thought most effectually. We could not see that he had left a fin or a scale of it untouched, or a spawn of it to be hatched into life by anybody else. More lately, Mr. Consul Andrews, of the Fishing District, has expounded in that manual of political and statistical ubiquity of his, just issued, all the in-shore and deep-sea branches of this prolific topic, and wound in and out of it in so many weir-like ways, that we did not imagine that even the pollywog interest would have reason to complain that its history and claims had not been fully recognized and presented to an admiring country. But "Ex. Document, No. 45," "Senate," has convinced us that we have laboured under deep delusion. So far as we have observed, neither Sabine nor Andrews, nor any other of the learned commentators, have said a word upon the momentous branch of the subject brought to light by Senate Document No. 45, the most of which is the product of the prolific brain of the aforesaid Senator Westcott, alias Governor Westcott, alias Captain Westcott of the Florida Volunteers, and Seminole extirpator and Negro Slavery defender, and Cotton interest elucidator in general. The field here explored and brought before us with Daguerrean accuracy and crayon drawing distinctness is a part of the sphere which we denominate "Turtledom." Mr. Westcott has hitherto appeared in all sorts of characters upon the political stage, and always with *eclat*, but his versatile genius has here found expression in something entirely novel. He now appears in "Turtle." Not to bewilder the reader, we will briefly say that turtles are caught on the Florida coast, and that a turtle is considered, in Florida, *a fish*. And with that detonating-powder-like sensibility with which our Southern brethren in general, and Senator Westcott in particular, manifest to everything that touches any of their interests, the moment the "fishery question" was broached in Congress, all Turtledom was in a blaze. And on the 14th of February last the Senate passed a resolution calling on the President for an authentic *expose* of the ways and the woes of Turtledom. And this resolution brought forth "Senate Document No. 45," to which we have referred. This document consists, first, of a correspondence between Mr. Livingston, Secretary of State, and Mr. Bankhead, the British Minister at Washington, disclosing the important fact that the Bahama Island people desired to vary their pursuits of salt-making and wrecking by being allowed now and then to spear a turtle on the neighbouring coast of Florida. But the body of the document, which consists of twenty pages, is mainly occupied by a long letter signed by Governor Duvall, but bearing unmistakable internal marks of being the production of ex-Senator Westcott, and by three letters written and signed by the aforesaid James D. Westcott, Jr. when a Senator in Congress. These letters all drive at the one point, of showing the vast importance of turtles, and of the necessity of preventing everybody but Floridians from catching them; and the letters would be entirely complete if they had only contained a receipt for the most approved method of cooking the articles on which they so eloquently dwell. In any second edition of the work known as "Senate document No. 45," we would suggest the addition of a few first-rate receipts for cooking turtles. The subject would then be exhausted, and nothing would be left to be added by future explorers in Turtledom. We now have Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler." We should then have Westcott's Complete Turtler.

But what has chiefly drawn our attention to "Senate document No. 45," is the trenchant temper the Ex-Senator displays upon the subject which lies nearest his heart, namely, the patriarchal institution. It takes an ingenious man to imagine what connection there can possibly be between Slavery and turtles. But Mr. Westcott makes it out as clear as mud, and we cannot possibly do less than refer those who desire to investigate that touching relationship, to the document in question. It makes plain enough to our apprehension that the Union has been in as great danger from the turtle question, as it has ever been from any one of the frightful topics that have blanched the cheek of the nation any time during the last five years. Our impression is that if turtles had not been protected by the tariff of 1846, and if Senator Westcott's fillibustering letters in "Senate document No. 45" on Turtles and Slavery had been disregarded by Mr. Polk's administration, we should have had the people of Florida in open rebellion, and the troops of Turtledom, headed by the belligerent Senator himself, thundering at the gates of the Capitol demanding justice for Turtles and Slavery. Where then would have been the Union? We tremble while we propound